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THE

TALENTS

1807

1. All the Talents - & pastoral Epilogue
2. Elijah's Mantle.
3. Hagellum flagellated.
4. Grenville Agonistes.
5. Uti possidetis & Status quo
6. 2d Ed. of pastoral Epilogue to all the Talents.

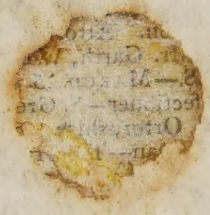
57

Sonnet. Morn Cheron. Sept. 23. 1819.

From the Spanish, as said & without any address.

Was it for this thou seven long years of war
We bore the miserable wants & woes,
Pour'd on our naked heads by barbarous foes;
Whilst Thou — a patient Captive, absent far
Nor heard'st our plaints, nor saw the bloody War,
That o'er our helpless, hapless, Country rose.

Did we not break the intolerable Bar,
Forg'd by the Master-Tyrant! Interpose
To rescue not our Country, but Mankind?
Did we not burst thy prison doors? unbind
Thy fetters! & with shouts of joy, that rent
The very arches of the Firmament
Receive thee? And is this our Destiny? —
Slavery, & Insult, & a Wretch like Thee?



Pub.d April 16th 1806 by J. Stockdale Pall Mall.

Polypus Designavit. *Rowlandson sculp.*

ALL THE TALENTS.

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum!

ALL THE TALENTS;

A

SATIRICAL POEM,

IN

FOUR DIALOGUES.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A PASTORAL EPILOGUE.

BY POLYPUS.

If you would make use of BOLD PERSONS with safety, you must not give them the *command in chief*, but let them be seconds, and under the direction of others. * * * * * * * * * *

These men when they have taken upon themselves mighty matters, and failed most shamefully in them, yet having the perfection of BOLDNESS, they shall make a jest of it, give themselves a turn, and there it finishes.

VERULAM.

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, *incredulus* odi.

HOR.

SEVENTEENTH EDITION,

Embellished with a Characteristic Frontispiece.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN JOSEPH STOCKDALE,

NO. 41, PALL-MALL.

1807.

ADVERTISEMENT.

DIVERS of the Talents having been heard to call the frontispiece to my book a chance-medley of such absurdity as *waking man* could never knit together, I am happy to make public this solitary instance of their penetration, by confessing that it is actually the representation of a *dream*, with which I myself was lately afflicted.

I had just finished my Fourth Dialogue, and was sitting in my garret, solacing myself with small beer and a penny-worth of radishes, when Morpheus suddenly pitched upon my eyelids, and presented me with the following vision.

Methought I heard an odd sort of chattering noise just behind me, and on starting round, perceived a monster with a monkey's countenance, equipped in a courtier's coat and a pair of ragged breeches; a silk stocking on one leg, a jack-boot on the other, and its head ornamented with a judge's wig and the pope's mitre. In its right hand it held a *crosier*, with which it was dragging down upon its own head a pair of ponderous folios, on which were printed *Coronation Oath* and *Magna Charta*. In its left hand it held an inverted pen, with which it was attempting to write *Finance* in a book of country-dances. Its right leg was pulling the trigger of a gun, which ap-

peared to explode and wound it in the shoulder. Crackers were tied to its tail, and papers of negotiation were burning beneath its feet. It held a pipe in its mouth, and with the smoke which issued from it, was vainly endeavouring to obscure a portrait of PITT, which hung against the opposite wainscoat. At first this extraordinary monster terrified me extremely, but I soon found that it might easily be caught and confined, as its eyes were obscured by a pair of blind spectacles, which rendered it, tho' mischievous in its nature, perfectly impotent in its attempts.

Suddenly, winds whistled, shricks were heard, thunder and the three-pronged lightning, together with the customary troop of terrors, entered my garret in a truly disrespectful manner, and some demon or demons unknown, pronounced in a loud voice, this scurrilo-latino-heroico verse of Virgil's,

Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum!

It is almost superfluous to add, that, in conformity with common usage, *I stretched out my arm and awoke.*

DEDICATION.

TO THE

EMPEROR OF CHINA.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

WERE I to inscribe the following performance to Lord C-stl--r--gh, Mr. C-nn-ng, or any other illustrious Oppositionist, I should instantly be pronounced guilty of having composed it under his influence. Whereas, the various advantages attending a Dedication to your Majesty are obvious to all. A high title at the front of a book, is, I protest to

your Majesty, an indispensable point of decorum here. I therefore accomplish this important object to my heart's content, without being accused of seeking either places or pensions from my patron.

Another necessary ingredient in a Dedication is Flattery. Be a Poet's expressions ever so elegant, they will afford no satisfaction to the great man without it. He must rosin the bow, please your Majesty, or the fiddle will emit no music. With Flattery, then, your Majesty shall be plentifully supplied: and I shall thus do the duty of a Dedicator, without incurring the imputation of any sinister intent.

Allow me, then, to assure your Majesty, that the numberless graces you cannot avoid revealing, are few in number compared with the virtues you need not, and therefore do not reveal. Affable yet majestic, gentle without timidity, you cease to please only when you cease to be present. In short, your Majesty is just not a God, and yet you cannot be properly termed a mere mortal.

Whether this character be applicable or not, I cannot possibly make a guess, not having the honour of knowing your Majesty, even by hearsay; but as your Majesty will never read this Dedication, apologies, I humbly conceive would be merely mis-

pending time. I therefore conclude with assuring your Majesty how faithfully I am,

Your Majesty's slave,

To command till death,

POLYPUS.

PREFACE.

BEFORE my readers enter upon the following pages, I think it necessary to declare, that *they were written without any motives whatever of party, private resentment, or personal interest.* I am myself neither a link in the political chain, nor connected with it. I write to repress folly and to reform abuse; to shew certain personages what they are, with the faint hope of amending them; and at least to display them to the nation, that it may stand on its defence.

Men who have the courage to propagate their own praises with a solemn unblushing face, are the finest subjects for ridicule upon

earth; and none excite so little pity when found deserving of censure. Ministers modestly inform us that they possess all the *wit, vigour, weight, and talents* of the country. Now, were the country so silly as to credit them, and of course to follow them blindfold over hedges and ditches, the consequence might be rather mischievous. Even supposing therefore, I had no better reason for a faithful exposition of *All the Talents*, I should think this alone sufficient. Heaven knows how humble are my hopes of working a reform among them. I shall be perfectly content with lopping off a few straggling excrescences; and perhaps I may succeed in preventing the growth of others. Men are often more afraid of present odium than of future punishment, and dread a Poet while they laugh at a God.

Yet I do not altogether agree with the *Pursuits of Literature* in its opinion of the *all-commanding* influence of the press. Doubtless it is a very consoling reflection to the Garretteer, that his volume may be more conducive to the prosperity of his country, than the capture of an island, or the defeat of an enemy's squadron. I fear, however, he only flatters his darling pursuit. Literature is of little avail, compared with oral intercourse. It may disseminate doctrines more speedily, but it does not invent them. One object of an author is to please, and he will always suit his topic to the fashion of his day. If he runs into morality while his readers are running into licentiousness, he might have been admired indeed, if he had been read.

When a general propensity to vicious principles pervades a nation, vicious books may hasten the diffusion of them; and thus in some measure precipitate the consequent calamities.* But if the public mind be not already prepared, books will matter but little. *Voltaire*, *Rousseau*, and other writers, accused of causing all the misfortunes of France, were also generally read in England; besides an immense deluge of our own authors who taught us similar principles. Why then did they not produce similar effects? Simply because the general sense of the nation was against them. If every French author had written against a revolution, he could not have prevented one. If every English author

* I merely argue against the *omnipotence* of the press. I wish to prove that it never was the *sole* cause of upsetting an empire. Its *assisting* influence I do not deny.

had written in favour of a revolution, he could not have caused one. Unprejudiced men, who read books, are generally enlightened enough not to run into obvious error; and if prejudiced, they will adopt false theories among themselves. Self-interest, or the semblance of it, must second general principles: it is the spring of all our actions, and books can do nothing without its aid. Books indeed work in daylight, and consequently appear the principal agents; but it is the People who lay the foundation, and the writer only raises the superstructure. In a word, I look upon the purity or impurity of moral literature as the concomitant, rather than the cause of national prosperity or decline.

But while I deny supremacy to the re-

public of letters, I must maintain that satirical writings are the fittest literary instruments to reform public abuse. Ridicule is an irresistible weapon. It takes effect when all others fail; and by treating grave follies with a ludicrous levity, is of more avail than volumes upon volumes of solemn reproof or of dry dissertation. The present little work is written with this conviction. It often laughs at errors which deserve to be treated more seriously: but had this been the case, the end of the satire would not have been answered. And here I beg leave to assure the heroes of my Poem, that I have leaned very lightly on them altogether. I have imitated *Horace* more than *Juvenal* in my portraits; was more willing to display folly than enormity; and have held them up as objects of ridicule ra-

ther than of detestation. I did not want to render them odious to the country, because I hope they will improve; and to hasten this improvement I have set forth their follies. After all, I dare say they will call me an ill-natured fellow.

As to the poetry and notes, I took as much pains in correcting them as I thought due to the Public; yet without being so unprofitably tedious in revisal, as to let slip the time when they might be of service. Such policy I consign over to the War-minister. As for praise, I do not expect much of it; and I hope I may receive some portion of abuse. Contempt is the only enemy that can disturb my serenity.

PREFACE

TO THE

FOURTH DIALOGUE.

THE fourth Dialogue is at length laid before the Public. Its delay was occasioned by various circumstances which it would now be needless to relate; but certainly not on account of any pique or slight towards those worthy gentlemen who figure in it, and to whom, on the contrary, I feel highly obliged, as they have innocently been

the means of affording much entertainment to my muse.

I do not expect, indeed, that they will lay me under equal obligations in this Dialogue. Besides the disadvantage I labour under in being obliged to speak of the same personages again, a more serious difficulty occurs in the different point of view in which these personages are now placed. In the three former Dialogues they were exhibited as mischievous and powerful animals; now they cease to be mischievous, because they are no longer powerful. Then, they were objects of terror—now they are only objects of compassion. Indignation then lent her aid to render the satire palatable, now blue-eyed Pity mingles milk with the

bitter draught. The shout of triumph is never heard with such satisfaction as the cry of discontent; and most probably my muse must put her patriotism to the proof, by suffering for the good of her country.

I do not ask it in the spirit of Party, I make an appeal to the good sense and sincerity of my countrymen, whether a more inefficient or *ruinous administration than the late one, ever existed in this country. Other ministries have been accused of neglect or inability,

* I advise my readers to peruse that incomparable production, a Vindication of the Court of Russia. It is one of the best pamphlets I have ever read, and, I think, satisfactorily proves an accusation, which, if true, blasts the political purity of certain characters for ever.

singly—of hurtful or unconstitutional measures, *singly*—have been laughed at, or despised, or execrated, *singly*—but the phœnomenon of a boastful faction, uniting in itself both sloth and impotence, injury and injustice; and undergoing every gradation of national anger, from the lowest contempt to the highest indignation, remained for the late Administration alone: and yet there is so much of the ludicrous in the final catastrophe, that I defy the veriest cynic of us all to speak or think of it without feeling his risible faculties affected. It was a serious affair indeed while the battle lasted, but since it is now happily over, we may sit down satisfied with the result, and laugh heartily at those poor fellows, who, tho' not specially endowed with ability to *perform* wonders, are, at least, eminently gifted with the powers of *pro-*

mising them. The geese that saved Rome by their cackling were themselves, I doubt not, the subject of many a merry jest, when they afterwards came to be eaten.

There is something singular in every circumstance relative to that administration. Even the period of its duration was remarkable. The Sun bestowed on it his year, the Moon her month, and the Earth her day; and exactly at the conclusion of these planetary revolutions came the political one. The death of a single person ushered it into being; it commenced its career with the explosion of a cracker; and it died of a surfeit caused by keeping its word.

It may be matter of curious specula-

tion to consider how my heroes will most probably end their days. For my own part, I sincerely wish them all a long life, since, I dare say, they will hereafter afford my brethren of the pen as much merriment as they have afforded me; and if I should not celebrate their *future* exploits, let them rest assured that I shall always continue to bear their *past* enterprises in grateful remembrance;—enterprises which have, at least, procured my pen a little notoriety, my publisher some profit, and my countrymen a very hearty laugh.

ALL THE TALENTS;

DIALOGUE THE FIRST.

Vidi ego lætantes, *popularia nomina,* Drusos,
Legibus immodicos, ausosque ingentia Gracchos.

LUCAN'S PHAR.

SCRIBLERUS.

VAIN is the task in these degen'rate times,
To* lash the statesman with a rod of rhimes;

* *To lash the statesman.*]—Were my friend Scriblerus acquainted with the sort of Ministry Heaven hath blessed us with, he would not think the task of correcting them a vain one. They are of late become so admirably pliant, that the fact is, I begin to look on them as a set of very hopeful gentlemen. They have already abandoned many of their old

Make Verse, fair vixen, musically scold,

And uncouth politics to metre mold.

---

pranks; and thus by proving themselves men of no principle, afford us some hope that the country may yet be saved. Had they been sincere, we were undone for ever. But now, forsaking their old nests, they come hopping over Conscience to perch upon Interest; and, like the saucy robin, venture any thing for a crumb of bread. The *lex talionis* is fair, however; so having sacrificed character to come into power, they come into power to sacrifice character. On this head consult Sir H. P-ph-m, *old Edition.* If this brave officer did *not* receive secret orders to make a descent on Buenos Ayres; if,

**Non* HÆC tibi littora *suasit*,
Delius, aut Cretæ *jussit* considere Apollo—

Then, I certainly will not attempt to palliate so rash an enterprize. But, at all events, nothing can excuse the petulant, predetermined hostility of Ministers towards him.

I wish Polypus to know that he mistakes Ministers grossly. Thank Heaven they were never made of brittle materials; but, on the contrary, are as tough a collection of talents as ever England witnessed. Is it not this quality of toughness which has carried them thro'? Did they not always continue tough to the principles they set out upon, tho' deserted and despised by three-fourths of the nation? Did they ever coincide with a single measure of the old Party—even measures the most beneficial? If this be brittleness, I want to know what is toughness?—*Scriblerus.*

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* Virgil.

Themes more secure the feeble Muse befit;
Better preserve one's ears than prove one's wit.
Fly party, and attend the truth I teach;
A foe to neither makes a friend of each.

POLYPUS.

Nay, this mild plan let R——* yet pursue,
Whose saint-like meekness wou'd a world undo:
Who hates all broils, yet when he interferes,
With sad good-nature sets men by the ears.
But times like these for manly candour call,
And whom Laws scare not, Poets may appal.
For me, 'twas ne'er my nature, or my boast,
To sit demure and see my country lost.

SCRIBLERUS.

Yet the reverse may prove as foolish quite:
Must ev'ry man who loves his country, *write?*
All love their country in some slight degree;
(Small diff'rence there, perhaps, 'twixt you and me.)

* *R——.*]—I do not wish to specify this *personage* too particularly. He will, I dare say, recognise himself.

Ev'n *Thieves* are Patriots, *Traitors* feel remorse;
And L—— may love his country—*next his horse.*

POLYPUS.

What! shall my muse in silent slumber bound,
Rest undisturb'd while nations rage around?
Or, rous'd to writing, make her dainty theme
A rose, a mistress, or a purling stream?
Like **Party-prints,* steal caustic from her lays,
And oint with unguents of ignoble praise?
Calm shall she see the fever'd placeman rave,
Knaves act the fool and fools enact the knave;
Old men grow boys, and boys of feeble pipe,
Turn, like a medlar, rotten while unripe?
No. For my country let me draw my pen,
Tho' C-bb-tt† rage and P-nd-r‡ rise again;

* *Party-prints.*]—Such as a paper called the "*Oracle and True Briton,*" or some such name. The thing, however, is not worth abusing.

† *C-bb-tt.*]—This man had once a sort of asinine sturdiness about him, that used to pass off for honesty. Poor Peter! they talked too of his fine writing. . . But *perituræ parcite chartæ.*

P-nd-r.]—P. P-nd-r dropped his pen while in the act of

That pert divine, who, graceless in his scroll,
Lampoon'd his King, and dubb'd his God a droll.
Truth is my trust—let L-wr-nce deal in fiction,
And run full tilt against his own conviction.
I ne'er paid court to pow'r, or high degree—
If Pitt was haughty, I was proud as he:
Superior to his smiles, approv'd his plan;
Friend to the Minister, and not the man.

SCRIBLERUS.

O for a thund'ring tongue, like Fox's own,
To stun perverse opinion into stone!
Fox! at that name how throbs my swelling breast,
Mourns thy sad fall and bids thy spirit rest.
Yet H-w-ck* lives—a firm, unblemish'd soul,
True to the state, as needle to the pole;

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snatching at a pension. Mr. C-lm-n has, it seems, picked it out of the mud; but, alas! the mud has clung to it ever since. Rarely, and very rarely, it is a *limum felicem*.

* *Yet H-w-ck lives.*]—The Public will better recognise this noble Lord as plain * Mr. Gr-y; new titles, new principles,

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* *Mutato nomine*, de te,
Fabula narratur.

Who ne'er to wav'ring weakness wou'd descend,

But kept on snarling 'till he gain'd his end.

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and new places having so totally metamorphosed him, that some of his old friends have actually ceased to know him. I am credibly informed he is growing gay. And yet I remember him a moody, melancholy gentleman, whom you would have thought time nor tide could change.—A positive bit of blood, that always came cantering at the heels of Fox and Sh-r-d-n. Did Fox protest against *war?*—Gr-y quickly set his face against *hostilities.* Did Fox declare that the kingdom was *ruined?* —Gr-y instantly found out that the nation was *undone.* Skilful in the analogies of the language, he seemed only to forget that *Truth* and *Servility* are never synonymous. Servility, however, is not easily got rid of; and Gr-y, while first Lord of the Admiralty, used to trot at St. V-nc-nt's* heels just as contentedly as at Fox's.

As to what Lord H-w-ck *is,* there may possibly be some doubt; as to what he *was,* there can be no doubt at all. If his name shall survive the injuries his country has suffered from him, he will be remembered as one of those unhappy beings, who, during that long and dreadful struggle for all that Englishmen held dear upon earth, stood aloof with a small, but desperate band, watching the favourable moments for incursion, and involving us in a predatory war at home, while the most terrible of enemies was assailing us from abroad. But

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* By the bye, St. V-nc-nt always trod aukwardly enough on *terra firma.* He is not an amphibious animal, and has more of the shark than the sea-horse in his composition. Some say he has more of the crocodile than of either.

POLYPUS.

So at some door, a dog, with desp'rate din,
Scrapes, scratches, howls, and barks—*till he gets in.*
Yes, there I blame him. H-w-ck never stood
The *candid* champion of his country's good.
When perils urg'd all bosoms truly great,
To turn from faction and to save the state,
Still he kept hissing with a viper's spite,
And spit forth slaver as he fail'd to bite:

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since his political promotion we have heard no more of his political principles. Let us then cheerfully submit to the smaller misfortune. The friendship of a reformed libertine is preferable to the enmity of a professed one. After ages will hardly credit the story of our adventures. At least they will wonder at our having escaped out of such hands; while the names of a F—, a Sh-r-d-n and a H-w-ck will be abhorred by the gentle nature and adopted by the severe.

I do not approve of Polypus's comparing my Lord H-w-ck with a beast of burden; and yet I am informed by those who know French, (for I do not), that the following description of a horse is applicable to him. *Un esprit pesant, lourd, sans subtilité, ni gentillesse*—UN GROS CHEVAL D'ALLEMANDE. I am delighted with the stately grandeur of the words, and guess that they contain a magnificent eulogium.—*Scribl.*

Nurs'd us with curds of patriotic spleen,

And put a drag upon the slow machine.

SCRIBLERUS.

The gentle soul of H-w-ck long'd for peace,

And so he clogg'd the war to make it cease.

POLYPUS.

Then ought the Doctor (if I take it true),

To crush the fever, kill the patient too.

SCRIBLERUS.

Gr-y with the war, the mouthing and grimace,

Was out of humour—

POLYPUS.

True, and *out of place.*

SCRIBLERUS.

He wanted scope to give his genius wings;

*In** place and *out* of place are diff'rent things.

* In *place and* out *of place are diff'rent things.*]—The Talents have proved the truth of this assertion to a miracle; by adopting, as Ministers, almost every measure, which, as Oppositionists, they had reprobated—*melius, pejus, prosit, obsit.*

POLYPUS.

So diff'rent, that a *frog* and *ape*, no doubt,

Have more similitude than *in* and *out*.

I doubt if their new recantation be not more disgusting than their ancient bigotry. But their conduct immediately on coming into power was more than disgusting. It was a tissue of absurdity, indecency, and arrogance, equalled only by the nauseous mummery of Buonaparte's bulletins. One Minister took peculiar pains to convince us that we were on* the very verge of ruin, and that nothing but the Talents could save us. Sh-r-d-n, too, seemed to lament our desperate situation with a plausible face enough; and

Twilight GREY,
Had in her *sober liv'ry* all things clad;

When, on a sudden, up rose the sun, the mists melted away, and the Talents assured us we were in *a more flourishing condition than ever!* Now for my life I could never see how they made it out. But taking their words for it, to whom do we stand indebted? Certainly not to the Talents; for they have been failing in every project. Yet this is no proof. The Talents have been failing in every project for these last twenty years, and the country has prospered accordingly.

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* All that can be said in their favour is, that they spoke of "*dilapidated hopes and resources*," when they did not know one atom about the matter; and that they candidly recanted as soon as they began to learn their business.

Gr-y, like a *frog*, while out of office croak'd ;
An *ape* in place, he copied, not revok'd.
Extremes he seeks, and scorns his native mean ;
Not firm, but stubborn ; sullen not serene :
Means to be proud, but only pompous proves,
And sometimes stuns our reason, never moves.

SCRIBLERUS.

Gr-y is an honest patriot—

POLYPUS.

How d'ye know ?

SCRIBLERUS.

Half his harangues assure the Commons so ;
And, trust me, *patriotism* is just like *powder ;*
Useless while *mute,* and stronger as 'tis louder.

POLYPUS.

In truth, th' allusion is a luckless one,
For sure as powder makes a noise—*'tis gone !*
Ambition is his bane ; a Demon dire,
Dropping with gory dews and fluid fire;
Whose hundred heads bright diadems embrace,
Whose hundred hands extend in empty space ;

High to the skies his ardent orbs are thrown;

He strides—and stumbles at the meanest stone.

SCRIBLERUS.

Pitt had Ambition——

POLYPUS.

Yes—of *noble* kind.

But Pitt's full merits if you wish to find,

* Ask Buonaparte, read the *needy* News;

† Whig, Bankrupt, Spendthrift, Traitor—all abuse.

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* *Ask Buonaparte,*]—The little Corsican could never abide Mr. Pitt, whom he justly considered as the saviour of his country. By the bye, I think ministers would do well to cease boasting of the tender esteem and admiration, which, *(they tell us)* the first of all ruffians entertained for Mr. Fox. They had better be silent on that statesman altogether, than calumniate his memory by allotting such a friend to him. It is in itself an outrageous satire, and all who wish well to his character ought to contradict it.

† *Whig, Bankrupt, Spendthrift, Traitor—all abuse.*]—It is a fact well worth attending to, that the industrious and enlightened classes of the nation went *almost universally* with Mr. Pitt. Exceptions there certainly were, but these exceptions usually betrayed in their conduct thro' life, either *hollow hearts or weak understandings.*

This last assertion is a sidelong glance at me. I know Poly-

SCRIBLERUS.

'Tis strange, I'll own, and quite beyond my wit,
That not a Traitor e'er spoke well of Pitt.

POLYPUS.

Yet 'tis a fact as strange, and just as true,
Gr-y is by Traitors prais'd and Patriots too.
W-nd--m's a patriot (as some wise ones say),
'Connor, a rebel—both are fond of Gr-y.
Nor is it quite so difficult, I deem,
To learn the cause connecting each extreme.
For, as to form a bow'r we must incline,
Th' opposing trees to make their tops entwine;
So where such men unite, since wide by nature,
The Patriot must be crooked as the Traitor!

Yet tho' vile traitors honest Gr-y approve,
Far be from him to feel a mutual love;
Angelic Gr-y is like the Dev'l in hell,
Who hates the sinful souls that love him well.

---

pus thinks I have a weak head. With all my heart. At all events I'll teach him I have a bitter tongue; and he shall rue my resentment in the acerbity of my comments.—*Scribl.*

SCRIBLERUS.

In patriot love, can Pitt with Gr-y compare ?

POLYPUS.

Let H-w-ck rest—to pass him is to spare.

SCRIBLERUS.

*At least, my friend, you'll not affirm that Pitt,
Excell'd my H-w-ck in worth, words, or wit.

POLYPUS.

With two sole blessings Pitt perform'd his part;
A godlike genius and an honest heart.
†Need I say more ? to amplify were vain,
Since these alone all human good contain.

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* *At least my friend,* &c.] I would not insult Mr. Pitt's memory by comparing him with Lord H-w-ck. Besides, in such a case, the noble Lord himself would have far more reason to complain. Happy may he esteem himself, if the future historian shall disdain to record either his character or his life.

†*Need I say more? to amplify were vain*]—To enlarge on the character of this immortal Statesman would probably vex the Talents, and of course do them no service. But I will exhibit a portrait of an opposite nature, with the hope that

Yet will I praise him, when from toils retir'd,

*Nor wealth he took, nor recompense desir'd ;

---

ministers may avoid a bad example, tho' they may not imitate a good one.

Let me then imagine a man prodigally gifted with every blessing under the sun—birth, fortune, wit, wisdom, eloquence. With a soul that can pierce into the brightest recesses of fancy, and a tongue that can embody the visions she beholds. Let me suppose him marking his entrance into the service of his country by a breach of her constitution; while distorting the best of passions to the worst of purposes, he calls treason patriotism, and covers desperate doctrines with a decorous indecency of words. Laughing at subjection, yet himself a slave to party, he lords it over a rancorous faction; while boys disconcert the cabals of his manhood, and striplings repress the excesses of his age. In persecuting his country he is uniform and sincere; his principles alone are versatile and treacherous. The revolutionary mob, and the sanguinary despot, are alternate objects of his admiration. At length he tramples down the barriers of decorum, and allows not even an appeal from his heart to his head; from inherent atrocity to adventitious error. Thinking men are alarmed and desert him; fools adhere to his cause and are undone. Once found dangerous, he soon becomes flagitious; and his last act exhibits him vanquished by his own arts, and a dupe to the basest of mankind.

Let this portrait be as a beacon to *all* ministers. Wise men will read it and say nothing.—It is for the fool to assert its justice by uniting it with a name.

* *Nor wealth he took, nor recompense desir'd*;]—I cannot contemplate this period of Mr. Pitt's life without the highest

But while the share his tranquil acres turn'd,
Still with a Patriot's noble ardor burn'd;
Saw there remain'd more duties to fulfil,
And grasp'd the sword to save his country still!
More awful with one boy to tend his meal,
Than serv'd by senates following at his heel.

Yet will I praise him, at his latest breath,
When firm, serene, a patriot ev'n in death,
Not for himself the parting hero sigh'd,
But *on his COUNTRY fondly calling, died.

---

emotions of admiration. I had thought the days of Roman magnanimity gone for ever, and in these times scarcely expected to see another Cincinnatus.—*Te sulco*, Serrane, *serentem.*

† *On his country fondly calling, died.*]—Let none now be so rash as to talk of Mr. Pitt's inordinate ambition, or assert that he preferred his own elevation to his country's welfare. If the words of the dying are accounted sincere, who will deny that *patriotism* was the ruling passion of this incomparable character? Pope says,

> " And thou, my Cobham, to thy latest breath,
> " Shalt feel the ruling passion strong in death;
> " Such in these moments as in all the past,
> " *O save my country, Heaven!* shall be thy last."

Pitt realized what Pope only supposed.

O then how tears stole down each honest face!

*How joyful Faction, shouting, rush'd to place!

SCRIBLERUS.

Let us with Pitt illustrious Fox compare.

Pass we the heart, to judge the head is fair.

POLYPUS.

If then 'tis just, as Fox declar'd express,

†*To measure merit merely by success;*

---

* *O then how Faction, shouting, rush'd to place!*]—Often, I dare say, (were I to judge by their after-conduct) did the jaded Oppositionists exclaim, during Mr. Pitt's illness,

* Di precor, a nobis *omen* REMOVETE *sinistrum!*

Οιωνος αριστος, say I, however; and I believe three-fourths of the nation say so too. After the death of that Minister they did not behave with common decency. The greediness with which they seized upon all places of profit,—even those which pride, and those which *delicacy* should have deterred them from appropriating—was odious in the extreme. I can almost fancy I see them, like a set of vultures, hovering over the Minister's dying moments, and with gross black wing brushing across his radiant spirit as it mounts into the skies.

† *To measure merit merely by success;*]—Mr. Fox asserted, that *success* should be the criterion of talent, on the night when

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* Ovid.

Since Fox in vain with constant struggle toil'd,
To pull down Pitt, still tript himself and foil'd,
Say, of the two, shou'd Pitt or Fox inherit,
(By Fox's rule) the larger share of merit?
More must I say?—

SCRIBLERUS.

Enough, enough is said.
A gen'rous Briton wars not with the dead.

POLYPUS.

A faithful Muse disdains a partial pen;
And if *Historians* touch departed men,
Why may not *Poets*?

---

he so resolutely set his face against some honours which were proposed to his rival's memory. I do not adopt his criterion, I only apply it to himself; and is it not fair to convict a man on his own argument?

By no means. Such a mode of procedure, if generally practised, would ruin the country. For were men always to be convicted on their own arguments, they would always take care to talk sense. And if men were always to talk sense, there would be no difference of opinion. But without difference of opinion there would be no conversation; without conversation no society; without society no government; and without a government all would be warfare, anarchy, and no poet. Did I not promise you, Mr. Polypus, that I would be severe?—*Scribl.*

SCRIBLERUS.

In some years they may,
When the world wipes its world of tears away.
For think how mean to sting his tender friends——

POLYPUS.

Nay, 'tis to these, to these my Satire tends.
Still in these friends his latent spirit lives,
And to weak heads a dang'rous bias gives.
They love his merits, but his faults pursue,
And run a muck at Social Order too.
Peace to his shade, be sacred all who weep;
*With his cold ashes may his errors sleep;
Yet let no satirist his vot'ries spare,
'Till they desert his tenets in despair;
'Till without pow'r to prop the falling cause,
And † left at length by popular applause,

* *With his cold ashes may his errors sleep.*]—I have not the least desire to disturb Mr. Fox's repose. Not because I feel that in enlarging on his character I should overleap any bounds of propriety; but *because little advantage could now arise out of it.* I leave the full developement of his aims to the historian. In another century there will be but one opinion upon the subject.

† *Left at length by popular applause.*]—It is allowed on all

Apostates from his faith the zealots fly—
So my glad muse shall bless 'em ere they die;
Offer long pray'rs that they may die forgiv'n,
And odds in favour of their reaching heav'n!

---

hands that the Foxites are falling into disrepute: and the reason is as evident as the fact is notorious. THE FOXITES ARE IN POWER. No longer champions in the mighty cause of nonsense, they have now degenerated into the mere men of business. The fiery war-horse is lopped of his flowing mane, and ends his honours under a waggon. However paradoxical the thing may seem, it cannot be denied, that the Talents have forfeited importance by coming into power, and that in proportion to their rise in the world, they have managed to fall in its estimation.

Mais c'est assez parlé. Prenons un peu d'haleine.
Ma main pour cette fois commence à se lasser.
Finissons—Mais demain, Muse, à recommencer.

DESPREAUX.

END OF DIALOGUE THE FIRST.

DIALOGUE THE SECOND.

Il y en a plus de la moitié qui meritoient de porter le havresac.

LE SAGE.

POLYPUS.

BEHOLD, my friend, o'er Europe's hapless land,
Almighty Vengeance stretch its iron hand;
Its impious agent ev'ry realm enthral,
And with wide-wasting carnage cover all.
*The human fiend, each day, each hour he lives,
Still to the world some heavier evil gives.

---

* *The human fiend.*]—One hardly knows in what terms to speak of this little monster. The character is perhaps, unparalleled in the annals of human nature. It is beyond a Caliban; and he who would attempt to describe it must unite attributes

Oh, when he dies, what shouts shall shake the sphere!

New suns shall shine and double moons appear;

which nature had always held asunder; exhibiting at once the most terrible and the most contemptible animal upon earth. Meanness and magnanimity must go hand in hand; and the conqueror of mankind must be coupled with the private assassin. He must shew him possessed of the highest folly in attempting desperate enterprises, and of the highest wisdom in accomplishing them.—Calm in conducting a mighty battle, and petulant in affairs of little import.—Never candid but on a principle of treachery, and adhering to truth only when he promises misfortune. Capricious in small matters, yet constant to ruling principles; and capable of reconciling the most headstrong stubbornness with the most artful pliability.

Celerity is the great architect of his fortune:

*Dans la scene en un jour il renferme des années;**

And, like woman, he will be lost when he hesitates.

As to peace with England, he will never make it, except in the hope of effecting her final destruction. *Delenda est Carthago,* is his professed motto, and he will never alter it.

However, on taking a survey of all the possible chances, I feel convinced he will never succeed, so long as we retain the sovereignty of the seas. England indeed may be made a bankrupt, but Europe must be beggared before her. As to conquering these countries *vi et armis* (even supposing a French army transported to our shores), the thing is impossible, and Buonaparte knows it. No—*he must deprive us of our East*

*Boileau.

Death thro' the world one holiday shall make,
And hell get drunk with sulphur for his sake!
His throne a pile of human sculls sustains,
And bones that fell on those unhappy plains,
Where pale TOULON lay prest beneath her dead,
Where LODI groan'd and fell MARENGO bled.
Professing ev'ry faith he mocks his God,
And Virtue trembles underneath his nod;
The nations crouching round, his pomp adorn;
Britannia sits apart, and smiles in scorn;
Calm and unharm'd amidst his impious ire,
While trembling millions from the strife retire.
So round some cliff when now the tempest roars,
And the weak Linnet downward turns her oars,
The royal Eagle from his craggy throne,
Mounts the loud storm majestic and alone;
And steers his plumes athwart the dark profound,
While roaring thunders replicate around!

Indies, before he can ever effect our downfal; and to this end, must march an army across the Asiatic continent; after having conquered Russia, and so totally subjugated all Europe, as to be secure of its tranquillity during his absence. He will never do it.

But now, rous'd slowly from her opiate bed,
*Lethargic Europe lifts the heavy head;
Feels round her heart the creeping torpor close,
And starts with horror from her dire repose.

† Favour'd by Heav'n, let *Britons* bend the knee,
And thank that awful Pow'R who keeps us free;

---

* *Lethargic Europe lifts the heavy head.*]—Europe as yet has only begun to move her extremities. The body still remains inactive; but I think it will soon make a struggle, and the first attempt, if strenuous, will restore it. Tacitus has supplied us with an exact picture of European politics at present:

Rarus duabus tribusque civitatibus ad propulsandum commune periculum conventus. Ita, dum *singuli* pugnant, *universi* vincuntur.—*Jul. Agric.*

† *Favour'd by Heav'n, let Britons bend the knee.*]—I think I may say, (but meekly let me say it, and with awful reverence) that Providence watches over this empire with an eye of peculiar regard. ENGLAND SEEMS TO BE SOLEMNLY SELECTED AND DELEGATED TO INTERPOSE A BARRIER BETWEEN PARTIAL SUBVERSION AND UNIVERSAL ANARCHY: TO PUNISH THE PUNISHERS OF NATIONS; TO HEAL THE WOUNDS OF AGONIZING EUROPE, AND TO SIT LIKE A WAKEFUL NURSE, WATCHING AT HER SIDE, AND ADMINISTERING TO HER LIPS THE MEDICINE OF SALVATION. We stand on a noble, but a dreadful elevation; responsible in ourselves for the future happiness of the human race. We have a spirit, a constitution, and a religion: unrivalled, unparalleled, unprecedented. From

Own HIM our strength, on HIM repose our all,

Sedate in triumph and resign'd to fall.

---

these sources I draw my politics, and these tell me, we shall triumph. The *red right hand* of Providence is every where visible. *Even at this moment it is performing the promised work of* PAPAL EXTIRPATION. Persevere then, Britons, in the mighty task before you. To recede from it were ruin. Be firm and you triumph—fear, and you fall.

I do not know what Polypus means by his *Papal Extirpation.* I see no signs of any such matter. I grant that the catholic countries of Europe are daily dropping into degeneracy, and that the Pope is discovered to be neither infallible nor supreme. But then if we look to Ireland, we shall still see the spirit of that religion flourishing in full luxuriance under the invigorating auspices of *Gr-tt-n and Co.* And yet I fear these worthies are employing much pains to little purpose. Absolutely all hope is at an end, and Catholic Emancipation now goes begging from door to door, like a decayed gentlewoman. But if *Gr-tt-n and Co.* wish to give full scope to their talents, and serve these kingdoms effectually, by making converts elsewhere,—I would humbly advise them to take a trip to the black empire of *Hayti,* for instance: or visit the *Aborigines* of America. To be sure Ireland would weep at losing them, but then *tears always bring relief.* And even supposing the natives of Hayti or America so stupid as to suspend them upon a tree—still they might thank heaven such an accident never happened to them before. Besides, I dare say there is a pleasure in being hanged for the good of one's country, which

And thou fair ERIN,* plaintive in the lay,
Who steep'st thy limbs afront the falling day;
Nymph, on whose lap, gay Spring, diffusing health,
Delights to lavish all his sweetest wealth;
Play'd on by priests, a sweet, ill-finger'd lute;
An ill-train'd tree, but vig'rous at the root;
Like nettles, harmless to the grasping hand,
But quick to sting, if delicately spann'd;
Cease to complain; imagin'd wrongs dismiss,
And greet thy sister with a holy kiss;
Unite, unite, the common foe to quell;
Thy native temper is not to rebel.

---

many sufferers may have *felt* indeed, but from the physical nature of the case have never been able to *describe.*

* *And thou, fair Erin.*]—I speak of Ireland as a nation only; and as a nation *she has not done her duty.* As individuals, I think the Irish merit much esteem. The profligate and idle, in general, come over to this country; and we seem to judge of the number by the more unworthy few. Literature is erecting her head in the capital; and some productions of much merit have appeared there of late. In particular, a satire on the players, entitled *Familiar Epistles*; which, in point of wit, elegance, and apt delineation, is not inferior to many productions in our language. It is said to be written by Mr. Croker, a young barrister of considerable talent.

For now,* what hope of heav'nly Peace remains,

Whom young Wars follow, and more rigid chains?

* *For now what hope of heav'nly peace remains?*]—And yet there is just as much chance of peace at this moment, as at the time of the late *glorious* negotiation—as the Talents would have us believe it. The Talents however were dreadfully duped in that affair—Credulity on the one side, and duplicity on the other, leaving us little else to admire than a series of polished sentences, and some logical small-sword. However, *Talleyrand* effected many purposes by protracting the farce; and amongst others, the neglect of *Buenos Ayres. No pretext upon earth* should have prevented Ministers from reinforcing that settlement at least two months before they thought proper to do so.

The Talents, indeed, triumphantly tell us, that it was retaken before succours *could* have arrived. But these succours were sent to *hinder* its being retaken; and therefore the Talents must have conjectured that it would not be retaken till *after* the arrival of these succours—that is to say, till *January*. Now the place was retaken in *August*. So here, at all events, the Talents were grossly erroneous; and it follows, that the earliness of the recapture (the plea upon which they excuse themselves) is the very circumstance which condemns them most! Tho' we lost the place before reinforcements *could* have arrived, yet reinforcements *could* have arrived before we *might* have lost it. The place *might* have been retaken on the *first of November*. The reinforcements *could* have arrived on the *last of October*. But if we must always determine the merits of a cause by consequences, not probabilities, why then B-r-s-f-rd and P-ph-m acted perfectly right in having taken Buenos Ayres—because the event justified them; and began to act wrong in having taken it, only from the moment they surrendered. This is the

We fight for VIRTUE—*ceaseless*, 'till the Gaul,
Shall bite his native dust, or England fall.

Yet shall the Despot threat her fall in vain,
While British oaks supremacy maintain;
And our vast vessels, sheath'd in tawny ore,
Convey rich commerce to the shouting shore,
Where Thames, exulting in his golden cares,
On his broad breast a tossing forest bears.

SCRIBLERUS.

Well, since the war *must* clatter round our sides,
Thanks to the stars, we* want not able guides;

---

precious conclusion All the Talents would bring us to! The fact is, however, that the Talents were too busy about themselves all the summer to remember an American town, taken by a Pittite. I am sure I can make every reasonable allowance for a new-fangled, merry set of poor devils, tumbling heels over head into places and pensions. I can pardon the ludicrous delirium attending a new title; the gambols of mutual congratulation—here a wink and there a squeeze: All the Talents exerted in purchasing coats, hats, hatbands, and services of plate; and I can even hear of the long laborious eating at cabinet-dinners, with the pity of a man who has felt hunger himfelf. Yet still, amidst gambols and hatbands, services of plate and haunches of venison, a map of poor Buenos Ayres might have lain on the table.

* *We want not able guides.*]—I cannot coincide with my

Themselves long time by Fortune tost about—

A twelvemonth in, and twenty twelvemonths out.

Methinks I see them, like a vessel, driv'n,

Low thro' the waves, 'till, wak'd by wintry heav'n,

---

friend Scriblerus. As yet the new-born Ministry have only begun to crawl. But I suppose he judges of the future butterfly by the present worm; and sees in its extreme ugliness the promise of much beauty hereafter. I think, however, the transmutation has more to do with metals than animals; and am able only to perceive, that men who were Brass in a bad cause, are become Lead in a good one. A few *rockets* let off at Boulogne,—a fresh-water armament,—a mock negotiation,—late succours,—premature bulletins,—a Parliament new-modelled for a very good reason, and an army new-modelled for no reason at all;—this is what All the Talents have accomplished for us! This is the blaze which hath emanated from the Galaxy of political Geniuses! Yet it is but fair to confess that their speeches are sometimes very pretty; and at present abound with admirable squibs let off at poor P-ph-m. Indeed it is highly proper that those who begin with *sky-rockets* should end with *squibs*.

I could offer a hundred sharp things in refutation of Polypus, but am so angry that somehow I cannot collect my ideas. Silence, they say, is often expressive; and I think it cannot now do better than express all my arguments.—*Scribl.*

To the pale stars* some mighty billow rolls,

And bears upon its back a hundred souls!

POLYPUS.

Defence of folly room to rail supplies;

Take counsel, friend; be silent, and be wise.

SCRIBLERUS.

Sir; I'll speak out—

POLYPUS.

And I'll be candid too,

Tho' B-df-rd † and fat N-rf-lk ‡ clap the crew.

---

* *Some mighty billow rolls.*]—The learned Scriblerus is pleased to place All the Talents on the summit of a wave raised by a tempest. Perhaps in nature he could not have chosen a more hazardous and *untenable** elevation for these charming men.

† *B-df-rd.*]—The present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The *last* Lord Lieutenant of Ireland carried with him the hearts of that nation.

‡ *N-rf-lk.*]—This nobleman is disappointed of the *blue ribbon.*—It was well observed of him, that he is fitter for the *blue apron!*

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* I do not think the present Ministry will hold long. They have private as well as public politics—a motion round their own axis as well as round that of the state; and its obliquity must be the cause of many political changes.

The down-hill road to Heav'n see N-rf-lk take.
Lord, what a chubby Angel he will make!
If, as I trust, by miracle of fate,
The portly Duke can pass the narrow gate!

SCRIBLERUS.

No venom sure at Gr-nv-lle * you will dart,
A Pitt in blood, and after Pitt's own heart.
Firm, ardent, zealous, faithful to his trust,
He copies Pitt and draws the portrait just.

POLYPUS.

Ev'n Party's self in noble Gr-nv-lle see,
Worth, wisdom, wit and talents, all agree.
O firm in honour, and unaw'd by fear,
Bid him stand forth the strenuous and severe:
Cast o'er the state a parent's anxious eye,
Make Party join and feeble Counsel fly.

* *Gr-nv-lle.*]—I have a high respect for the virtues and abilities of this nobleman, and wish to see them exerted in a more decisive manner. He is connected with men who require controul, and who will not (if possible) allow him to remain on his present eminence. He must make many vigorous sallies, or they will undermine him.

This he may do; and this if Gr-nv-lle will,
Love, hope and joy shall dictate to my quill.

Yes, in high Gr-nv-lle centers all my trust,
To steer the state, and hold the balance just.
In his firm bosom gen'rous sparks abide,
And no low passions impotently hide.
Enough of Pitt is harbour'd in his breast,
To see our rights preserv'd, our wrongs redrest.

SCRIBLERUS.

Alas! our rights are fled.—No Whigs avow
The MAJESTY* OF MOBS and turmoils now;
Or at the Club, with wine and anger warm,
Tip off a glass to RADICAL† REFORM;
Make ev'ry man a Monarch—but a King,
Or talk to some such end of no such thing.

---

* *The majesty of mobs.*]—In other words, *the sovereignty of the people.* A sort of technical term among the Whigs; perfectly harmless, I fancy, and signifying *social life, as observable among wolves, savages, and other animals.* Some, however, assert that it is a pet name for the *guillotine.—Scribl.*

† *Radical reform.*]—Many say that *radical reform* (quasi radix et forma) signifies digging up an old tree, and making

POLYPUS.

The change of tenet proves the heart untrue.
Who knows what system they may next pursue?
The beardless and the bald Administration,
May shew us hell and sweat it is salvation.
Men faithless once are always faithless men;
Give 'em but scope, they soon will turn again.
Yet be my fears as empty as the aim,
To soil the honour of a royal Dame;
Well-natur'd sland'rers! ye but serv'd to prove,
A fair* one's virtues, and a nation's love.

---

snuffboxes out of its roots; and adduce Shakspeare's mulberry-tree as an instance. Others again derive it from *rado*, to shave, and *formico*, to rise in pimples; and say that it refers to *Packwood's razor-strops*, not Shakspeare's mulberry-tree. What far-fetched derivations are here! To me 'tis clear as the sun, that *radical reform* merely means *change of administration.—Scriblerus.*

* *A fair one's virtues, and a nation's love.*]—The lady to whom I allude owes less to the efforts of her friends than of her enemies. Her former popularity has increased tenfold since the late impotent attempt to diminish it.

Ω γυναι, εκαν τις σε βροτων επ 'απειρονα γαιαν,
Νεικεοι·

Odyss.

For shame, for shame! that one so fair, so good,
A beauteous Alien sever'd from her blood,
Whom Heav'n of ev'ry gentle grace combin'd,
The noble nature and the feeling mind;
Lost to all love and all domestic bliss,
The parent's care, the tender husband's kiss;
With not a friend to meliorate her doom;
With not a joy to sparkle thro' the gloom;
Save the fair Hope of whom her heart is proud,
The youthful idol of a wond'ring crowd—
For shame that she, so long by slander stain'd,
Who tedious months unjustified remain'd;
Clear'd at the last, shou'd harshly be deny'd,
To vindicate her virtues and her pride.

It is said that the commission for investigating into her Highness's conduct was not countersigned by the King. Of course, the commission was self-nominated, and the entire proceeding illegal. But formalities are only made for fools, and administering oaths or taking evidence unlawfully are mere *trifles* to men of talent. Thus then, this calumny lived and died in the true faith of its original church. The mysterious motives which gave it birth were admirably supported by the illegality which examined it, and by the cruel delicacy which suffered it to die unexposed.

Such were the wrongs, so piercing and so sore,
That hapless ANTOINETTE endur'd before
When a base rabble, anxious to remove,
" A fair one's virtues and a nation's love,"
The royal consort plotted to defame,
And with impure reproaches stain'd her name.

O THOU, who shrink'st, all-conscious, from my song,
Time may be still when Heav'n shall wreak the wrong!

HEALTH TO THE KING! *the more I think,* I give
This heart-felt utt'rance—MAY OUR MONARCH LIVE!
Yes, let the muse, unbrib'd, a tribute bring,
Of duteous praise, and pay it to her King.
A feeling tribute, issuing from the heart,
Not gloss'd by Flatt'ry and not strain'd by art.
He, friend to awful Truth, alike disdains,
The Muse who gilds a name, the Muse who stains;
Pleas'd, if his virtues in his acts survive,
And fame more lasting than from verse derive.

O Piety approv'd! O heart sincere!
Dispensing Mercy, and unknowing Fear!

From thee meek worth ne'er turns unheard away;
To thee poor wretches confidently pray.
Thee, scorning pomp of retinue and plate,
Prudence makes rich and virtue renders great.
No rash desire to stretch thy graceful reign,
Beyond the bound our equal laws ordain,
Distracts the state—yet knaves in vain unite,
To break the barriers of the royal right.

Blest Prince! from thee, thy loyal Britons learn,
The true sublime of Moral to discern;
And as thy virtues rev'rently they scan,
Admire alike the monarch and the man!

SCRIBLERUS.

Now long live Sh-r-d-n!* a nobler soul
Heav'n never form'd since worlds began to roll.

† *Sh-r-d-n.*]—I own I pity Mr. Sh-r-d-n, because he really *does* possess some good qualities; and because *I know* that his way of life often costs him a bitter pang. Yet it is to be feared he will never amend it. Perhaps there is not in human nature an object more deplorable than the man of genius sacrificing the choicest gift of his God to indolence and dissipation.

POLYPUS.

Fix'd thoughts on Sh-r-d-n 'tis vain to seek,
Who from himself is varying ev'ry week;
And pict'ring, like a cloud at close of day,
Fantastic features never at a stay:
Where heads of asses or of hogs displace,
The short-liv'd semblance of a human face.
Where on his throne at Ammon as we stare,
He turns a monkey and his throne a bear.
To grasp this Proteus, were to cork in jars,
The flaring rainbows and the falling stars.

Nature intended Mr. Sh-r-d-n for a mere writer of farces. As to political *opinions,* I believe him absolutely incapable of forming any. The man never had a rule of conduct in his life. A perfect Epicurean in politics, he looks not beyond the deed of to-day; and all I am astonished at is, that in his hasty decisions he should never do right *by a blunder.* Yet I must acquit him of premeditated error. He never begins to reflect till urged by the sudden impulse of ambition, or vanity, or interest. No cold reason for Mr. Sh-r-d-n. Lull but his passions, and the little babe that sobs itself silent is not more harmless than he. Thus his entire character consists in reconciling extremes. We pity his impotence when we do not despise his temerity; and we see with surprise that his judgment must be blinded by the passions before it can act with effect.

Now calm he lives and careless to be great;
Now deep in plots and blust'ring in debate.
Now drinking, rhiming, dicing, pass his day,
And now he plans a peace, and now a play.
The magic wand of eloquence assumes,
Or sweeps up jests and brandishes his brooms;
A giant sputt'ring pappy from the spoon,
A mighty trifler and a sage buffoon.
With too much wit to harbour common sense;
With too much spirit ev'n to *spare* expence;
To tradesman, Jockey,* porter, Jack and Jill,
He pays his court—but* never pays his bill.

* *Jockey.*]—They tell a comical story of Mr. Sh-r-d-n, which I do not assert as a fact, only because I did not see the circumstance. Mr. Sh-r-d-n happened to buy a horse, but did not happen to pay for it. One day, lately, as he was riding his new purchase along Park-lane, he met his creditor on a pretty poney. The poor man, anxious to touch the Treasurer on the tender point of payment, and yet wishing to manage the matter handsomely, began by hoping his Honour liked the horse, and said he could also recommend the nag he was then riding. "Let me see," says Sh-r-d-n. "Upon my honour, a nice little animal enough; and, I dare swear, an excellent trotter. Pray let me see his paces up the street." *By all means, your Honour.* Accordingly, *up* the street trots the simple Jockey, and *down* the street trots the right honourable Minister, ex-

By fitful turns in sense and folly sunk,
Divinely eloquent or beastly drunk;
A splendid wreck of talents misapply'd,
By sloth he loses what he gains by pride.
Him mean, great, silly, wise, alike we call;
The pride, the shame, the boast, the scorn of all!

SCRIBLERUS.

Well, but his *deeds*—his *deeds*. What say you there?
Facts are the touchstones—Nay, friend, never stare.

---

cessively well satisfied, it seems, with the pretty little poney's performance!

Ουτος εστι γαλεωτης γεφων!

* *But never pays his bill.*]—The following epigram conveys a just idea of the way Mr. S. will probably take to liquidate all his debts.

"*Dick*, pay your debts!" a fellow roars one day.
"I will," replies this limb of Legislature.
"Then tell me, *Dick*, what debt you first will pay?
"Why first I'll pay—*I'll pay the debt of nature!*"

POLYPUS.

I stare to see you *strive* at his disgrace.

Name then his deeds before he stepp'd to place.

SCRIBLERUS.

His deeds? A thousand!

POLYPUS.

Name 'em.

SCRIBLERUS.

Let me think.

POLYPUS.

Are they too num'rous? Then take pen and ink.

SCRIBLERUS.

He stood forth *Fox's* special partizan;

Admir'd* the French *republicizing* plan;

---

* *Admir'd the French republicizing plan.*]—He used to tell us that the French republic *deserved* success; and endeavoured to palliate, as generous ebullitions of liberty, the charming murders and amiable atrocities of the Revolution.

A hundred disconcerting measures mov'd,

And * the *Club-system* piously approv'd.

Nay, he† join'd Pitt in *one* alarming case—

---

* *And the* club-system *piously approv'd.*]—Scriblerus alludes to the memorable declaration of the Whig-Club, in which it advises the organization of political meetings throughout the whole kingdom; "*for the exercise,*" (I take the words "themselves) *for the exercise of that just authority which the "popular opinion must ever possess over the proceedings of "the legislature.*" Or, in plain English, for the purpose of making the Whig-Club another national convention, and investing it with an absolute controul over King, Lords, and Commons!!! The French rulers, when they read the declaration, exclaimed, "*England is following our example, and will soon "become a republic!*" But as soon as the reptile of innovation *put forth its feelers*, the timid nation took alarm, and many thousand Whig adherents, with a reverse of sentiment almost instantaneous, ignobly seceded to honesty and common sense; execrating those principles which they now saw must tend to overthrow every political and moral institution.

Quere.—Why do not All the Talents establish these political meetings *now?*

Simply because Pitt is dead—because republics are not in fashion—because Whigs are in power, and because 1796 is not 1807.—*Scribl.*

† *He join'd Pitt in* one *alarming case.*]—The mutiny of the Nore. This was Mr. Sh—n's political *unique.*

POLYPUS.

A flake of snow upon a negro's face!
Yes, then first reach'd by rays of heav'n intense,
His brain endur'd a stroke of common sense!
Alas! alas! let's onward to the tour.
'Tis sad to talk of patients past a cure.

SCRIBLERUS.

Well, W-ndh-m, seems on upright aims intent.

POLYPUS.

So upright, that they hit him in descent.
O that the king wou'd dub him but a Lord,
To sit like S-dm-th, silent in reward!
For, spite of all his efforts and our pray'rs,
Heav'n* never *meant* the man for state affairs.

---

* *Heav'n never* meant *the man for state affairs.*]—I do not deny Mr. W-nd-m's talents, but I deny that he has talents suitable to his station. I believe ministry begin to think so too; and, were the truth acknowledged, already find him a most troublesome and dangerous colleague. He will consult nobody, and yet he knows nothing. Of course his party must either weaken themselves by opposing his measures, or injure the country by supporting them. Yet it seems his party do not

Plan-mad, and am'rous of th' unfruitful moon,

Give W-ndh-m *Wilkins'* wings—an air-balloon;

Let him blow bubbles, (NEWTON did the same),

Or, like bland *Darwin*, winds and seasons tame;

But thin-spun theories, a rushing mind,

Imprudent,* injudicious, o'er-refin'd,

---

hesitate. The alternative is perplexing, but the choice is plain. For my own part, I have not the magnanimity of an Indian widow; and were I so wretched as to unite with a fool, I would not be so weak as to suffer for him.

* *Imprudent, injudicious, o'er-refin'd.*]—Mr. W-ndh-m has already heaped a few responsibilities on his own shoulders, which he will be lucky if ever he shakes off. At present I shall merely mention the notorious instance of *one* Colonel Cr-f-rd, whom he has lately sent out at the head of an expedition. This redoubtable champion, whom nobody knows, (but who, for aught I can tell, might have heard a few discharges of musquetry in India), having got disgusted with the service, wrote to his friends to sell out for him. On coming to England, however, his martial spirit revived surprisingly—for Mr. W-ndh-m was in office. The Colonel burned for promotion, and the Secretary glowed with friendhip. All this was an excellent farce, I must own; but pray heaven it may not end in a tragedy. For Mr. W-ndh-m, with the amiable ardour of a tender attachment, has appointed his charming friend, (who was one of the last Colonels on the list) to the entire command of an army! I can easily conceive the confidence with which the troops will follow him into battle, and how

Are failings far unfit a realm to guide—
Without sound reason, all is vain beside.
A perfect juggler in his plans of state,
He lays a system down, with solemn prate;

---

feelingly they will call him, like the Ralpho of Hudibras, —"A nothingness in deed and name." Mr. W-ndh-m, for heaven's sake, begin to think seriously at last. You are rendering your party odious, Mr. W-ndh-m. You are alienating the affections of the army, Mr. W-ndh-m. Even the volunteers, Mr. W-ndh-m, are already disgusted; and as to your *grand military system*, the whole service (saving a few *Cr-f-ds*) absolutely laugh it to scorn. Cast away Vanity, then, and consult Conscience. The poor old lady is an invalid, and you will be certain of finding her at home.

Tho' the military system may have failed, yet it is not the fault of Mr. W-ndh-m; inasmuch as he has spared neither pains nor money upon it. Nay, most unquestionably he pays eight hundred thousand pounds per annum, *extra*, in order to fail as a Secretary should fail, and to shew the people how œconomical Ministers are—Ay, œconomical, I repeat it. For œconomy consists in saving small sums; and Ministers declare they will think no sum too trivial to look after. That is, according to the common adage, *they will take care of the pence;* and as to the eight hundred thousand pounds, *extra*; why —*the pounds will*, of course, *take care of themselves.* Besides, by the inverted rule that we are to pay piles of money for failing, our successes, very probably, will not cost us a single doit.—*Scribl.*

Cries " *hocus pocus!* prithee mark—look on;"
Then turns about, and *presto—whip*—'tis gone!
Plan after plan the sad Enthusiast moves,
The patient House winks, smiles, and disapproves.

In ill-pair'd tropes our Secretary talks;
Mud and the milky way alike he walks;
And fondly copying democratic aims,
'Twixt high and low poetic banns proclaims;
Now peas and pearls upon one chain compels;
Now couples Hercules with cockle-shells;
Adroit with gilded frippery to gloss,
The brittle temper of his mental dross.
Thus * Irish D-yle, loquacious as a nurse,
Tells ten bad stories to bring round a worse;
His studied jests from merry *Miller* draws,
Entraps a laugh and poaches for applause.

Smooth to perplex and candid to deceive;
Alike expert to wed a cause and leave;

* *Irish D-yle.*]—A General eminently endowed with talents for war and old women's stories.

A slave to method, yet the fool of whim,
Good Sense itself seems Emptiness in him.
In pompous jargon or low wit it hides,
And very gravely makes us split our sides.
Dull when he ponders, lucky in a hit,
The very *Sal Volatile* of wit;
Thro' the dark night to find the day he gropes;
He thinks in theories, and talks in tropes.

SCRIBLERUS.

Cou'd Wh-tbr-d catch a spark of W-ndh-m's fire—

POLYPUS.

To deeds more dang'rous Wh-tbr-d might aspire.
But as it stands, our * *Brewer* has not Nus,
To lead the mob, or to mislead the House.

---

* *Our Brewer has not* Nus.]—I fancy that our Brewer will not entirely coincide with me, as no man is more gifted with the blessed advantages of vanity than our brewer. He has the singular satisfaction of esteeming himself what the world vulgarly calls *a devilish clever fellow.* Now tho' the world may differ with him point-blank on that occasion, yet his merely thinking so argues, at least, much animal confidence, and an unlimited

See how himself the happy man admires!

A hazy vapour thro' his head expires;

---

strength of imagination. Mr. Wh-t-br-d and the toad are equally devoid of several virtues ascribed to them. The mouth of a toad contains no venom, and its head no jewel. In like manner, Mr. Wh-tbr-d has neither harm in his eloquence, nor riches in his brain. After all, he can make a set speech pass off very prettily—if he be let alone. He can shew some ingenuity in pressing similies of dissimilitude out of the *Shop* and the *Pantheon*; but then come upon his flank with the cross-fire of a query, and he instantly falls into irrecoverable confusion.

As to the *comparative* wit, vigour, weight and talents of the present Ministry, perhaps I could not display them more plainly than in the following letter from Newmarket.

Occupet extremum Scabies!

Lately was decided here a most comical race. The Gentlemen of the turf having offered a large plate to the best *Ass*, in a five mile heat, (each riding his own ass), the following Noblemen and Gentlemen started as candidates:

R. Sh-r-d-n, Esq. who rode Jolly Bacchus.
Lord H-w-ck..... Sullen.
Lord E——e ..... Merry Andrew.
Mr. W-ndh-m ..... High Flyer.
Lord H. P-tty ..... Miss Hornpipe Teazle.
Mr. Wh-tbr-d ..... Brazen-face.
Mr. T-rn-y..... Bully-Hector.

His curls ambrosial, hop and poppy shade,

Fit emblems of his talent and his trade.

Lord Gr-nv-lle led an animal to the ground, which, it seems, was not an ass, but a racer, somewhat resembling Mr. Pitt's *Eclipse*. At first starting Mr. Sh—n's *Jolly Bacchus* had the lead; but her rider having neither whip, spur, or bridle, she was left entirely to her own discretion. And yet they say Mr. Sh—n is *an admirable jockey*. Lord H-w-ck's *Sullen* came next; a tough-mouthed obstinate hack as ever we saw, but with excellent bottom. Her rider was blinded in the very beginning by a couple of mud patches, and came in, a sad spectacle, groaning, and blasting his eyes. Then followed Mr. W-ndh-m's *Highflyer—proximus, sed longo intervallo.* Mr. W—m was dressed as a *Harlequin*, and retarded her progress extremely by his tricks—such as standing on his head—holding the ass's ears—and, latterly, riding like the *Tailor to Brentford*. Every one wondered how he contrived to *keep his seat*. Lord E——'s *Merry Andrew* succeeded, with new trappings, martingales, and surcingles; tail cropped and ears cut—yet still it was evidently an ass. Lord Henry's *Miss Hornpipe Teazle*, a little two year old, at first promised to do wonders, but lagged latterly, tho' her rider kept *plying his heels* the whole race. Mr. Wh-tbr-d's *Brazen-face* took sulk, and shewed* symptoms of bolting, being a thorough-bred

---

* Mr. W. shewed symptoms of bolting in the debate on the *glorious* negotiation. Is he not an odd character? His very virtues speak against him, in the obliquity of their origin. He is consistent because he is stubborn. Stupidity renders him harmless—resentment makes him honest.

Slow, yet not cautious; cunning yet not wise;
We hate him first, then pity, then despise.
The plodding dunce, a simular of wit,
Lays up his store of repartee and hit;
His brain bedeckt with many a nice conceit,
As bills of Op'ra hang on butcher's meat.
The pains he takes to seem a wit, forgive.
It is the Dunce's sad prerogative.
For fit is he th' affairs of state to move,
As Q——y, who lisps his toothless love.
Puft with the Pride that loves her name in print,
And knock-kneed Vanity with inward squint;
Laborious, heavy, slow to catch a cause,
Bills at long sight upon his wits he draws,
And with a solemn smartness in his mien,
Lights up his* eyes and offers to look keen.

---

ass; and as to Mr. T-rn-y's *Bully-hector*, it broke down entirely; when both man and beast were so bedaubed with gutter, that the people mistook the poor ass for Mr. T-rn-y, and asked it if it felt injured by the accident? The asses kept kicking at each other during the whole race, which was won with some difficulty by Mr. Sh—n's *Jolly Bacchus*, and *the knowing ones were all taken in.*

* Κυνος ομματ' εχων

But oh! how dullness fell on all his face,
When he saw M-lv-lle rescu'd from disgrace.
Not more agape the stupid audience star'd,
* When K-mble spoke of *Aitches* and a *Baird.*
Cold from his cheek the crimson courage fled;
With jaw ajar, he look'd as he were dead;
As from th' anatomist he just had run,
Or was bound 'prentice to a skeleton.
† Then seeing thro' the matter in a minute,
Wish'd to the Dev'l he ne'er had meddled in it!

**When K-mble spoke of* Aitches *and a* Baird.]—I once thought Mr. K-mble classical, I now find him pedantic. In the name of common sense and the end of language, (which is I suppose, *to speak intelligibly*) what can Mr. K-mble mean by calling Aches, *Aitches?* Does *Aitches* mend the meaning? No. Does *Aitches* perform any one act either useful or ornamental? No. *Aitches* then, it seems, is an old dead gentleman conjured from the grave, to terrify a worthy sentence 'till it loses its wits and talks what nobody can comprehend. I do not see why Mr. K. should puzzle an entire audience in order to shew that he once read an old edition of Shakspeare. And let me add, that his obstinacy in adhering to this absurd pronunciation, after the nightly hisses it experiences, betrays an ignorance of decorum and a want of humility, that always accompany much vanity and little learning.

† *Then seeing thro' the matter in a minute.*]—PoorWh-tb-d, (so sadly did his party dupe him), thought himself sure of suc-

Rough as his porter, bitter as his barm,
He sacrific'd his fame to M-lv-lle's harm,
And gave more deep disgust, than if his vat,
Had curs'd our vision with a swimming rat.

* M-lv-lle, poor man! consign'd to party pique,
Deferr'd the fate of nations for a week.
Justice, turn'd scholar, chang'd her vulgar plan,
And just like *Hebrew*, from the *end* began;

---

cess on that occasion, and also thought himself sure of a high place among the new ministry. All the Talents, however, appear to care very little about him or his hopes, and have, *at last*, compromised his very great feelings with a very small employment.

Have you watered the rum? says a puritanical grocer to his apprentice. *Yes.* Have you wetted the tobacco? *Yes.* Have you sanded the sugar? *Yes.* THEN COME IN TO PRAYERS.

* *M-lv-lle.*]—I wonder what this nobleman is about? *No negotiations, I hope.* I used to admire the cool contempt with which he invariably regarded Wh-tb-d during his petulant harangues; thereby annoying that doughty champion not a little, and auguring prosperously of the event. There was also another omen observable during the trial. The passage terminating near Mr. W——d's feet, was by some fatality or other, made precisely in *the shape of a gallows!!!*

* *First* found the culprit guilty, tried him *next*,
And from *Amen* preach'd backward to the *text*.
So crabs advance by retrograde degrees,
And salmon drift, tail-foremost, to the seas!
To vex the *Scotchman* answer'd ev'ry end;
Unhappy in his servant and his friend.

SCRIBLERUS.

Well, † T-rn-y wants not wisdom, you will own;
In strong rough reason T-rn-y stands alone.

Was this an *architectural witticism* of Mr. W--tt? However, I confess I was so forcibly struck with it, that I now never see Mr. Wh-tb-d without instantly having a gallows in my head.

Ille per EXTENTUM FUNEM mihi videtur,
Ire!—— *Hor.*

* *First found the culprit guilty, tried him next.*]

Ad fontem Zanthi *versa recurrit aqua.—Ovid.*

For in the first place,

Missi *reportant*,
Exploratores—— *Virg.*

Then,

Fraudis sub judice *damnaverunt.—Tac.*

And lastly—Το ψηφισμα τον τοτε περισαντα κινδυνον παρελθειν εποιησεν ωσπερ νεφος.—*Long.*

† *T-rn-y.*]—I am willing to handle this obscure person as

POLYPUS.

Thanks, Sir: the man's so mean I quite forgot him.
Still does he live? who wishes Pitt had shot him?
Why sits he silent? ah! how sad a case,
To lose one's tongue when one obtains a place.
But prudent statesmen knowing him of old,
Transmute his leaden terrors into gold.
For this arch-bravo, without much demur,
In a short space will *do your bus'ness,* Sir;
No man more happy to misunderstand,
Or put a duel neatly out of hand.
Let fools pursue Consistence—'tis his whim,
To make the slave Consistence follow him;
Not to prefer (as Britons us'd of old)
The voice of conscience to the clink of gold,

---

softly as possible. When silence is a presumptive token of grace, 'tis charity to encourage it by not interrupting its repose. Alas! let us put a charitable construction on the case of this unhappy penitent; let us quietly allow him to "patch up his old soul for heaven," and to make this mournful lamentation

Que j'ai perdu tout mon cacquet!
Moi, qui savois fort bien ecrire,
Et jaser comme un perroquet!

But deem one purse of *tangible contents,*
Worth twenty bubbles, such as *fame* and *sense.*
Let him be mute, he may his pocket fill;
Guilty of gold, but innocent of ill.

SCRIBLERUS.

Come, curb thy Pegasus—such flights confound;
My senses wander and my brain turns round.

END OF DIALOGUE THE SECOND.

DIALOGUE THE THIRD.

" Hitherto we have seen men with heads strangely *deformed*,
" and with *dogs' heads;* but what would you say if you
" heard of men *without any heads at all?*"—*Goldsmith.*

POLYPUS.

* WHIG CLUB, I greet thee; hail thou † nurse despis'd,
Of ev'ry virtue Gaul once idoliz'd!

* *Whig-Club.*]—A set of "*robustuous periwig-pated fellows,*" who used to meet together at the *Crown and Anchor*, to settle the nation's affairs, and drink its wines. However they happened to give offence to almost all the kingdom; not

† Tu quoque *littoribus nostris*, Æneia *Nutrix*,
Æternam moriens famam, ‡ *Caieta*, dedisti!—*Virg.*

‡ It may not be generally known that *Caieta* is the modern *Gaeta*, whose little garrison lately made so gallant a resistance against the legions of Bonaparte. And here I must beg leave to disclaim the slightest intention of insulting that loyal little garrison, by having compared it with the Whig Club.

She to thine arms a bouncing urchin gave,
Miss LIBERTY, who gallopp'd to her grave.
In vain the babe for rights of man grew warm,
Clapp'd her hard hands, and lisp'd "*reform! reform!*"
(As great *Sangrado*, apt at gradual slaughter,
Was all for *letting blood* and *drinking water;*)
Our rugged climate and unwholesome fare,
Nipp'd the sweet bud in spite of all thy care.
Ah, gentle Club! full many a tedious hour,
Meek patience and *Long suff'ring* were thy dow'r!
From thy black trumpet sounding vain alarms,
And dressing grim designs in gaudy charms.

---

not indeed by broaching hogsheads, but by broaching opinions.—Stupid people not easily discerning between licentiousness and badinage; that saying much is meaning little; that we may start new sentiments to pull down old ministers; and that to be known, we must often be notorious. Of late years, however, all its enthusiasm has died away, owing to disappointed aims and the contempt it universally excited. Besides, at present its members meet at St. James's as well as at the Crown and Anchor, are no longer called demagogues but ministers, and live by taxes instead of contributions.

N. B. His grace of N-rf-lk's *coyness* in giving the *Sovereignty of the People* at the last anniversary meeting was rather ludicrous. It spoke volumes.

Words were thy feeble weapons—bold thy blows;

Caution ne'er press'd her finger on her nose.

There after F— his rash oration spoke,

The gentle Jacobins begin to joke;

* Like veins, breathe bottles, and the blood imbibe,

While dancing candles double on the tribe.

Each toasts the easy goddess of his whim.

The laughing liquor overlooks the rim.

All fish for wit—some troll a fruitful flood.

Thick Wh-tbr-d angles in his native mud;

In playful sarcasm *Dick* and *Charly* toy;

† Ev'n H-w-ck musters up a solemn joy;

Loud laughs around the toping table run,

‡ And E—— drops th' abortion of a pun.

---

* *Like veins, breathe bottles and the blood imbibe.*]—Now, however, the Whig drinks more classically, and we may say without a synecdoche,

Ille impiger hausit,
Spumantem pateram, et *pleno* se proluit AURO!—*Virg.*

† *Ev'n H-w-ck musters up a solemn joy.*]—I have heard H-w-ck attempt to trifle and be playful; but it was always *magno conatu nugas*—A Hercules at the distaff.

‡ *And E— drops th' abortion of a pun.*]—This facetious punster is now to be seen *for nothing* at Westminster-Hall.

SCRIBLERUS.

What tho' he pun and prove a table's curse?
Thank Heav'n, his blackest foe can say no worse.
What tho' he sit uncouth in ermin'd pelf,
And prate prodigiously about *himself*;
* Laugh at his own conceits, and vaunt his law,
While the tir'd hearer dislocates his jaw?
What tho' *St. Martin's*, quartering her hours,
More seldom addle with her brazen pow'rs?
Yet still his worth, wit, wisdom, all must own—

POLYPUS.

And having all, that he well uses none.
Here is a man with ev'ry grace endu'd;
Wit to be great and nature to be good;
Whose wit wants pow'r to charm ev'n folly long;
Whose worth extracts less rev'rence than a song.

Verily, verily, he deporteth himself with a most miraculous solemnity of demeanour.

Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis, amici?

† *Laugh at his own conceits.*]

Αυταρ εγω γελοω και τερπομαι αφρονι θυμω.

His wit and talents soon may make a friend;
His wit and talents may as soon offend.
Sad, silly wise one! who with awkward skill,
Mar meaning well by executing ill,
Who stood of Whigs the *fatal partisan;*
Who wrote defences which *convict* the clan;
Thro' pleader, statesman, judge, who run the ring,
Yet keep *th' affected fop* in ev'ry thing.
A *judge?* Oh mercy!—who can chuse but laugh?
A grave owl perches on a frisking calf!

SCRIBLERUS.

Will you praise P-tty?

POLYPUS.

Ah, poor P-tty! true—
I once had hope the little lad might do.
But P-tty ne'er a prodigy will prove;
Ne'er burn the Thames or make the tide remove.
Once the smart boy, (as daily papers tell)
Perform'd a pretty speech extremely well;
Then seiz'd th' *Exchequer*—feeble and unfit;
But * All the Talents hop'd another *Pitt.*

* All the Talents *hop'd another Pitt.*]—*Dissimiles hic vir*

Ev'n as some mother, rapt in silent joy,
Beside the slumbers of her only boy,
Sees ev'ry human beauty flourish fair,
In his thick lips, flat nose and flamy hair!

But * our *young Roscius*, scorning to controul,
The mighty whims that labour in his soul,
Aims at more merit than of mere finance—
Learn friend that P-tty *practises to dance!*
Unites at once activity and wit;
Both heel and head; both *Parisot* and *Pitt.*

---

et ille puer, however. Lord Henry labours hard to be a great man, but he has not the necessary ingredients. The old Talents thought it expedient to astonish the nation with a young little Talent of their own begetting, so cried up poor P-tty to the skies. But alas! we find that they called him clever, just as people say a hare has wings—for *convenience'* sake.

* *Our young Roscius.*]—I know not whether B-tty or P-tty, P-tty or B-tty have fallen the more in public estimation.

Felices ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt, &c.

Yet times may change, and I do not despair of seeing *Master* B-tty in Parliament, and *Master* P-tty on the stage. At present, the Player gets by heart other men's tragedies; the Minister repeats farces of his own composing, and this is all the difference between them.

Voluisti, *in suo genere*, unumcunque nostrum quasi quendam esse *Roscium.—Cicero.*

His mind and body mutual graces shew,
And now he points a *period*—now a *toe*:
At balls he capers and at senates plods;
* A DANCING CHANCELLOR BY ALL THE GODS!!!

---

* *A dancing Chancellor by all the Gods!!!*]—Gentle reader, I present thee with the following pretty little stanzas on the *Dancing Chancellor*:

"I can make speeches in the Senate too, Nacky."—*Otway*.

Και παλιν θελω χορευειν.—*Anac.*

Saltare elegantiùs quam necesse est probæ.—*Sall.*

To be seen—an odd mortal in London,
A Lord, let me add with submission;
Whom heav'n meant to dance,
But he dipp'd in finance;
So turn'd out a *beau-politician*.

In Parliament glibly he gabbles,
Her laws and her taxes to teach her;
And speaks off his part,
Amazingly smart,
Consid'ring the age of the creature.

At balls he's so dapper a dancer,
The misses all find him most handy;
For tho' heavy in head,
As a plummet of lead,
He jumps like a Jack-a-dandy.

Ev'n *beardless* statesmen are no vulgar evil:
But a FINANCIAL D'EGVILLE is the Devil!
O rule revers'd, O weeping change and wild,
When children play the man and man the child!

SCRIBLERUS.

Nay you seem bent to pull down ev'ry *Laird*,
And this year mangle all the last two spar'd.

Pray heav'n that he never may tumble,
While dancing away for a wife, Sir;
Shou'd he get a *capcise*,
How the Dev'l could he rise?—
He must live on his head all his life, Sir!

Now his getting a step in a hornpipe,
I think could not injure the nation;
But hard is its lot,
Since P-tty has got,
A step in administration.

Oh! down on our knees, my dear Britons,
And ere P-tty's dancing be ended,
Let's offer this pray'r;—
While his heels kick the air,
May his body be never suspended!

POLYPUS.

Yes, the last two prov'd fatal to the great.

Pitt, Fox, Cornwallis, * *Nelson,* fell to fate.

Firm M-lv-lle and wise † W-ll-sly were impeach'd;

Two monarchs conquer'd—B-rd-tt over-reach'd;

Statesmen approv'd the plans they once abhorr'd;

Tailors turn'd statesmen—Add-ngt-n *a Lord.*

‡ Poor S-dm-th, feeble insect of an hour,—

---

* *Nelson.*]—The first of heroes and the best of Christians. I do not think all history can furnish us with a character so ardently—I had almost said, so *romantically* heroic—but his was a discreet enthusiasm. The circumstances of his death too, are unexampled in splendour and magnanimity. Just such a death was his desire. He loved life, but he loved glory and his country better.

Cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, propinqui, familiares; sed omnes omnium caritates patria una complexa est; pro quâ quis bonus dubitet mortem appetere?—*Cic.*

† *W-ll-sly.*]—This said impeachment is a sorry business. I think Mr. P-ll would do well to drop it. Mr. P-ll is notorious enough already, and we do not desire a second edition of Mr. Wh-tb-d.

‡ *Poor S-dm-th.*]—The *Doctor* has given over practice, and, according to the continental phrase, has *retired to his estates.*

Latet abditus agro.

D'Oubril, Haugwitz, &c. have also retired to their estates and

SCRIBLERUS.

Despises censure, as he laughs at pow'r.

POLYPUS.

If he scorns censure, 'tis a lucky whim;

And if he laughs at pow'r, pow'r laughs at him.

A sad weak soul, and made for men to jeer,

He held the helm—

SCRIBLERUS.

How long?

POLYPUS.

One total year!

Then the stern *Commoner*, all claws and stings,

Turn'd, in a trice—* *the Lord in leading-strings!*

---

become ploughmen. I think all the Ex-Ministers of Europe; D'Oubril, Haugwitz, S-dm-th, &c. might meet together in *Crusoe's Island*, and form a most comfortable and condoling society.

* *The Lord in leading-strings.*]—I see Polypus is bent on abusing every body. So because Mr. Add-ngt-n became a lord, and had not duplicity to refuse a good offer, Polypus chooses to put him into *leading-strings*. I wish Polypus was put into the pillory. Now Lord S-dm-th's acceptance of a proffered title strikes me, on the contrary, as an instance of strict integrity and candour. Why should he tell a lie, I ask? Why should he say, *Thank you, Sir, I had rather not*; while his conscience was for saying, *With all my soul, and with all my strength, Sir?* Morality must be considered, even tho' a

In place a cypher, and a cypher *out*,
While laughing Faction bandied him about;
Slow as the mule, laborious as the bee,
No shuttlecock was e'er so bang'd as he!

Yet praise, where praise is due, the muse shall give.
The man has merit, but 'tis *negative*.
The passive valour of a patient mind,
And martyr-meekness in his soul we find.
Wit, hid like kernels, he may too inherit,
And not to be a scoundrel *has* its merit.

SCRIBLERUS.

Away with anger—prithee praise the next;
And 'midst the ministers cull out a text.

---

man should lose by it. For my part, I like morality extremely—I think it an appendage of the gentleman—A sort of rarity, rather becoming than otherwise; and tho' Lord S. has pinned a title upon *his* morality, yet, I dare say, they do not interfere with each other at all. I beg leave to remark that there are several sorts of morality. There is a morality which feels, and a morality which reasons. There is also a morality which does neither the one nor the other, but *acts only upon instinct*. This last I take to be Lord S-dm-th's morality.—*Scrib.*

POLYPUS.

In eldest time, when heav'n from chaos hurl'd,
Sublime thro' starry tracts, the whirling world;
Bade the new Sun immerse his fulgent hair,
And walk the wilds of alabaster air:
Life from low rank her gradual birth begins,
And first informs the frigid race of fins;
Thence, mounting upward, teems with hoof and horn,
'Till pinions beat the blast and Man is born.

SCRIBLERUS.

Friend, are you mad? What vile bombast is here!

POLYPUS.

My meaning is—and sure my meaning's clear—
That I, like Nature, from the *worst* began,
And end in **M-ra*, as she stopp'd in *Man*.

---

* *M--ra.*]—Much, however, as I admire the virtues of this Nobleman, I am not unacquainted with his foibles. He possesses, in common with other courtiers, a certain tenderness of soul, that cannot bear the pain of *refusing*. The consequence is obvious—The blossom must be more abundant than the fruit. But *ubi plura nitent*, &c.

SCRIBLERUS.

But why such labour'd nothings?

POLYPUS.

Just to raise,
Plain thoughts to pomp, like poets now-a-days.
* Thus M-re's sweet lines with too much tinsel glow;
† P-yne Kn-ght we see trick out his nonsense so;
Small Ch-rry, thus, huge Op'ra's manufacture;
Amphibious thing, 'twixt dramatist and actor!

Terence supplies me with his general character in these lines:

Sic vita erat; facile omnes perferre ac pati;
Cum quibus erat conqueritia, his sese dedere,
Eorum obsequi studiis; *advorsus nemini;*
Nunquam præponens se aliis; ita facillime,
Sine invidiâ invenias laudem.

* *Thus M--re's sweet lines with too much tinsel glow.*]—Mr. M--re's lines, like Seneca's, *abundant dulcibus vitiis.* They are too full of puerile conceits, sparkling epithets, and obscure allusions. Mr. M--re is a young poet, and may yet correct this false refinement, which proceeds from a rage for novelty, and must eventually corrupt the national taste. As to the *lessons* his poetry inculcates, I fear that to comment on them would be useless. His last volume shews his hearty resolution not to reform. It is however melancholy to see the *only* poet in the nation whose morals are her safeguard, so truly negligent of a poet's and a nation's interest.

† *P-yne Kn-ght.*]—All I shall say of Mr. P. Kn-ght's new

In opposite extreme errs *Sc-tt we see

Most ostentatious in simplicity.

SCRIBLERUS.

A truce with poems—politics precede.

You mention'd M-ra; as you praise him, speed.

---

production on the principles of taste, is, that the former half of it is employed in *reprobating* criticism—the latter half is spent in *criticising*.

* *In opposite extreme errs Sc-tt, we see.*]—Mr. Sc-tt's *Lay of the last Minstrel* is a poem eminent for the force of its descriptions, and the consistency of its characters. But here ends its merit. The plot is absurd, and the antique costume of the language is disgusting, because it is unnatural. Why write in the style which prevailed before our language had attained its utmost purity? Why use the worse weapon when the better may be had? Is it because such language was spoken in those times? I deny that such language was spoken at *any* time. Were a Scotch minstrel to rise from his grave, he could not understand half of it. The Gothic and Corinthian mixture would make him smile. But supposing the language a true antique, and not a modern coin artificially rusted over, still it is absurd to make use of it—For, by the same rule, *Gray's Bard* should have spoken in the idiom of *King Edward's* time, and *Norval* should now tragedy it away in broad Scotch. If Mr. S. will condescend to write in the present purity of our language, tho' he may no longer decoy readers by what is novel, yet he may win them by what is natural. Philips's Pastorals, and Chatterton's Rowley are reposing in the charnels of obscurity. Yet there was a time when they were just as much read and just as much admired as Mr. Sc-tt's minstrel.

POLYPUS.

I honor M-ra; him no lust to rule,
Makes Fortune's votarist, or Party's tool.
Foe to no sect, alike belov'd of all,
He fears no venom for he knows no gall.
Prompt to lull feuds and passion to compose,
Yet from his tongue no adulation flows.
Ardent in arms and apt in arts of peace,
He heaps up honour with a large increase;
Fame is his spur, and Virtue is his guide—
Let guilty glory snatch at all beside.

SCRIBLERUS.

Here we unite; and haply may once more:
All who love M-ra hate Sir Fr-nc-s sore.

POLYPUS.

* I like not B-rd-tt. To my mind he seems
A turbid spirit full of desp'rate dreams;

I fancy that Mr. Ch-lm-ers of critical, financial, and constitutional celebrity, could detect many historical and chronological errors in Mr. Scott's writings. Mr. C. is, it seems, about to publish an extensive history of Scotland, entitled Caledonia, and if I may judge by his literary labours hitherto, I doubt not this work will form a valuable and worthy companion to the celebrated Britannia of Camden.

* *I like not B-rd-tt.*]—I flatter myself that Sir Fr-nc-s will feel highly gratified by my mention of him. Publicity, publicity for Sir Fr-nc-s; honourable if he can, but at all events publicity. Yet there is a *sort* of talent about the young

Who love and admiration aims to move,

Without one talent men admire or love.

He plays the statesman, tho' devoid of sense;

The man of words, tho' wanting eloquence;

Acts the mean demagogue thro' pride alone:

Prates of his country's good,—pursues his own.

T—ke teaches B-rd-tt all things but his pray'rs,

And what his Rev'rence says, his Honour swears.

Thus the maternal bear, with clumsy tongue,

Licks to her own rough form her pliant young.

Yes, Justice, Sense and Patriotism prevail'd,

* When P-ll lay prostrate, and when B-rd-tt fail'd.

---

man, and they say he possesses a thousand amiable qualities. I hope so. And perhaps as he grows in years he may increase in sense too, and lay aside those ridiculous chimæras which at present possess him. John Horne T—ke will tell him I am a blockhead. For John Horne T—ke, like Prince Talleyrand, is still plotting behind the curtain, unseen, indeed; but heard, and felt, and understood. Yet I think "the Parson" might now begin to ponder things more suitable. There is a time when even enthusiasm ceases to attract, and when folly becomes disgusting. Rectitude may rise into fame: error may end in obscurity. In a word, Mr. T—ke; repentance has ever an open ear; and when we call is instantly present from the uttermost ends of the earth.

* *When P-l lay prostrate, and when B-rd-tt fail'd.*]—I speak of the late election.

Hi nostri *reditus*, expectatique triumphi? VIRG.

When the sad pair, (resolv'd in spite to eat)
Gorg'd all their friends with dinners of defeat;
Cow, heifer, hen pour'd forth a patriot flood,
And geese died gloriously for England's good!

SCRIBLERUS.

Nay, why so bitter? How cou'd P-ll * offend?
Before you judge him let th' impeachment end;
And for his † want of *grammar*, and of *sense*—

---

* *P—l.*]—A gentleman of electioneering, duelling, and impeaching mischance. Ministers dreaded his garrulity, so opposed his election; read the papers, so prevented his duel; got into power, so forsook his impeachment. Thus we pity his first failure, laugh at his second, and despise him in his third—Tears, laughs, and hisses. Poor Mr. P—ll!

† *His want of grammar and of sense.*]—*Sylla nescivit literas, non potuit dictare.* I shall, however, trouble Mr. P—ll with a single question, anxious as I am to afford him an opportunity of vindicating his literary character. Which of the following figures in Rhetoric* is the most elegant for an orator;

Hyperbole,
Hyperbaton, or
Hypersarcosis?

I shall expect an instant answer in the daily prints, and no looking into dictionaries.† Silence will, of course, be considered as a confession of ignorance.

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* Rhetoric is the art of speaking or writing with elegance.

† Mr. P. has absolutely never answered my question!

POLYPUS.

His *birth*, I grant you, is a full defence.

SCRIBLERUS.

P-ll was a *tailor*—then Sir, if you can,

Lean light upon the ninth part of a man.

POLYPUS.

Nay his mean birth my verse should ne'er have stain'd,

* Had his mean tongue from like abuse refrain'd.

---

* *Had his mean tongue from like abuse abstain'd.*]—Mr. P—ll evinced his own origin by adverting to Mr. Sh-r-d-n's. No man of birth would descend to such indecency. Indeed the speeches of both candidates at the Westminster election were fitter for mountebanks, or furious field orators, than for enlightened statesmen. I shall give the following summary of them, as a rhetorical curiosity.

Των δ'αχαματων ρεει αυδη,
Εκ στοματων ηδεια—

HESIOD.

Precisely at four o'clock Mr. Sh-r-d-n appeared on the hustings; a fine ruddy blaze emanating from the disk of his countenance. He drank some hot wine, which an old woman, fond of a joke, or hired perhaps by his opponents, offered to him. Decidedly, however, he was not inebriated. As soon as he began to speak, the people began to laugh; whereupon he bade them laugh still more; "because," says he, "laughing supposes good humour, and good humour implies

All the mean atomies that still remain;
And teize and tickle, tho' they cannot pain;

"the returning of a proper member to Parliament." From speaking of a proper member for Parliament, Mr. Sh-r-d-n, some how or other, contrived to shift the subject to himself, of whom he gave a very pleasing account indeed. He told us, in general terms, that he had done surprising things for the country; but was tender of descending to particulars; probably because the law does not oblige a criminal to convict himself. He then spoke impressively of liberty, England, the pretty girls, and the old woman, who gave him the hot wine. "I am resolved to continue in good humour," says he, in a bitter passion; "and I don't care," (elevating his voice prodigiously) whether the noisy rabble listen to me or not."

Speaking of Mr. P—ll, he solemnly asserted that he (Mr. S.) had once met him (Mr. P.) in gentlemen's company! The people might stare, and be astonished; but so the fact stood—he had met him in gentlemen's company—He was ready to turn *King's evidence*, and make oath of it. And, moreover, he was sure that this *son of a tailor* would make him an abject apology. He concluded his harangue with this elegant exhortation. *Now my friends, let us have a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether!*

Τον δ'απαμειβομενος προσεφη—Mr. James P—ll.

Who made a neat, ill-tempered speech enough. He said he should blush (now Lord forbid Mr. P-ll should do such a thing!)—He should blush, he said, to be such a braggart as Mr. Sh---n. For himself, he would tell God's truth, and candidly confess, that he was a mere honest man, who had risen into estimation by dint of his own talents and deserts. He then pleaded guilty as to the fact of having been caught in gentle

Pert insects, buzzing thro' the senate still,
Much too minute to fetter or to kill;
Things we but see with microscopic glass,
In mercy to her eyes, let Satire pass.

Yet in her verse let Sp-nc-r live once more,
Whom, dead in politics, no tears deplore;
Whose lucky shade (escap'd the *Stygian* coast)
Gay, spruce and sleek—a wonder for a ghost!

---

men's company, but adduced Mr. S——n's being there as an expiation of the offence. "Yesterday," says Mr. P—ll, "I "was in a majority, which I then thought a triumph. To-day "I am in a minority, which I take to be a greater triumph "still; and if I lose the election, (which, by the bye, I am "resolved not to do), I shall consider it as the greatest "triumph of all. For," says he, somewhat ingeniously, "my "being in a minority proves that my opponents are in a ma-"jority; which, being caused by foul play, is a shame "for them, and therefore a triumph to me." He next spoke of the distresses of the people, which he attributed, in a great degree, to Mr. Sh——'s having a house at the end of St. Catherine-street. As to his being a son of a tailor, his answer was to this effect, *namely*,—that if he was a son of a tailor, Mr. Sh——n was—shall I repeat it?—*a son of a vagabond!* Yes, my dear reader, by all that's solemn, he called the right honourable Treasurer of the Navy *a son of a vagabond.* Mercy upon me!—*a son of a vagabond.* Let the earth perish, and the moon fall in pieces!

Still thro' the midnight senate loves to glide,
And haunt the scenes where all its glory died.
Yet let her verse for hapless H-ll-nd grieve;
Who lately bent on wisdom, I believe,
Turn'd off from politics—yet still mistook,
And ended all his blunders with a book!

O for the joyful day, when PEACE restor'd,
Shall bind her olive round the rusty sword!
When the pale nations, wash'd of human gore,
Smiling shall meet, and mingle war no more;
When arms and clarions shall be silent all,
And a soft calm shall soothe the panting ball.

Then W-nd-m, idle, may find time to see,
Sense in an oyster, morals in a flea;
To march an army underneath the wave,
Or, with east winds instruct us how to shave.
Then Sh-r-d-n whole days in port may steep,
And thank his stars that claret is so cheap;
He who distorting all his fairer fate,
Born to plot plays, affects to plan the state;
And straining (Heav'n knows why) his needless throat,
Acts a more pompous farce than e'er he wrote.

Then upstart H-w-ck may more aptly climb,
And play *Schedoni* in a pantomime.
Fond to seem young, let Ers—e take a wife,
And with a pun on Hell conclude his life.
Let Master P-tty at the Op'ra teach,
And heavy Wh-tbr-d his own brains impeach;
While the meek thing call'd S-dm-th, if you ask it,
Will put to sea (Lord love it) in a basket!

Then, if, as now, *true* glory still inspire,
From toils of state firm C-nn-ng may retire;
Blest in the conscience of a blotless day,
And calm while life steals airily away.
Then, if, as now, *true* glory swell each breast,
Shall C-stl-r-gh,—shall P-rc-v-l be blest.
Now let thy prose, O C-bb-tt,* lap me fast,
In its long periods, and its broad bombast;

* *C-bb-tt.*]—Since C-bb-tt's deplorable secession he has sunk into such insignificance, that it is almost unnecessary to notice him. He is now famous only for opposing an *æs triplex* of countenance to the sneer of contempt which every where assails him. The style of his letters, too, has altered with his change of policy. Impurity has succeeded to elegance, and scurrility has taken place of wit. This is the natural consequence of Ministers' not choosing to write against themselves.

Thou blust'rer! that, to thy own aims untrue,
Taught'st our old world the tenets of the new;
Whence first arose the principles deprav'd,
That ravag'd France and ev'n in Britain rav'd;
Made puling Freedom feed on human meat,
And men suck mercy from the tiger's teat!

Yet oh! to lash a lowly bard forbear:
Who stings a Princess may a Poet spare.
Go! in thy paper, to the town proclaim,
Thy soul unsex'd, thy forehead void of shame;
Go! with brass tongue, around the city call,
Scurrility, huzza! and heigh for P-ll!

Spare me not *Chronicles* * and *Sunday News!*
Spare me not *Pamphleteers* and *Scotch Reviews!* †

There are, at present, three principal clowns performing in the political pantomime, all admirably aukward, and far more amusing than even the facetious *Grimaldi*. These are Messrs. B-rd-tt, P—ll, and C-bb-tt. And truly a precious triumvirate. B-rd-tt, P—ll, and C-bb-tt!—*A cock, a bull, and a roasted soldier!* Peter F-n-rty, too, must not be omitted. That man has points about him which would do honour to a Hottentot.

* *Chronicles.*]—The Morning Chronicle—The *Moniteur* of England. A sort of political barometer, which, on the late *change of atmosphere,* suddenly, but aukwardly, rose to *settled fair.*

† Scotch *Reviews.*]—The Edinburgh Review. A critical

Aid me with anger, deck my brow with blame,
And stigmatize my satire into fame.

work of some merit and erudition. It is sometimes just, often erroneous, always insolent; and owes most of its popularity to this perfection, which it always exerts far too freely, unless the book be written by a *fellow-countryman*, or *a Lord*. Indeed bowing before a Lord was always an attribute of plebeian insolence. The best literary joke I recollect, is its attempting to prove some of the Grecian Pindar rank nonsense; supposing it to have been written by Mr. P. Kn-ght. Afterwards, indeed, *it wrote Greek verses itself*; and, after some consideration, I grant that this is even a better joke than the other. I do not always admire its principles; and it has had the vanity to declare that it possesses ALL *the literary* TALENTS of the country. Happy is that country in having scribblers who call themselves wise! Happy, too, in having Ministers who keep the scribblers in countenance! And why should not *I* also assure my readers that *this* little performance contains "*All the Talents*" *of all the Poets?* I do beseech them to have no doubt of it. And, moreover, I most earnestly exhort all corporations, whether of merchants or butchers, of aldermen, or tailors, to follow my laudable example. I would have the mechanic cram all the talents of mankind into his own especial occupation. I would have Dr. *Solomon* cashier his old puffs, and set up all the talents instead. Patients should swallow a lump of talents in *Bolton's* asthmatic lozenges; while anti-bile, anti-hydrophobia, anti-head-ache—in short, the whole very numerous family of *Antis* should possess the most unbounded abilities. Were I *Bish* and Co. I would draw forth all the talents in one capital prize.—Were I *Tattersall*, I would set them up to auction in the shape of my best blood.—Were I *Hoby*, I would

If not, t' attack myself must be the end on't;

I *versus* ME—both plaintiff and defendant!

Muse, 'tis enough—

SCRIBLERUS.

Such Muses are but brutes.

I hate all scandal—down with the *Pursuits!**

---

actually stitch them in the sole of a boot. All patents should contain them; the real Japan blacking should shine a first-rate genius; and I would not hesitate to discover talents even under a fashionable wig. Yes, my friends—let us make common cause. Let all the talents belong to us all. Let empirics and Secretaries at War—let puppet-shews and Exchequer-Chancellors, all equally and uniformly glare with "wit and wisdom, and vigour and talent!" Believe me, vanity is the wisest of passions, because it is the only one not liable to alter with external circumstances. He who is pleased with himself is truly independent, and to be truly independent is the privilege of a Briton.

* *Pursuits.*]—The Pursuits of Literature. A work unequalled in manliness of sentiment, extensive learning, and elegant composition. It is generally attributed to Mr. M-th-s. Yet I think its general style closely resembles the language of Mr. M-tf-rd's Grecian History. The beginning of the satire tells us that the author had retired from *camps, and courts, and crowds, and senates.* Might not these have been *Grecian?* Is it not extraordinary, too, that the Pursuits of Literature never mentioned Mr. M-tf-rd's Greece amongst all the publications of the day; nor his brother, Lord R-d-s-e, amongst

POLYPUS.

Muse, 'tis enough—from thy soft trammels free,
Back let me haste, *disporting* COKE! to thee;

---

all the public characters?* The author, whoever he be, may perceive I do not dread the anathemas he has thundered against *over-curious* people. As for myself, every body who pleases may try to unkennel me. Every body has a right. But I shall also beg leave to exercise *my right* on the occasion, and

> ——————————— Ille,
> Qui me commorit (melius non tangere clamo)
> Flebit, et insignis totâ *cantabitur* urbe.
>
> HOR.

Before I conclude, I would say a few serious words to Ministers. They possess neither my regard nor my animosity. I look on them as mere machines moving the national concern; and examine if each part answers its intent, just as an exact mechanic would scrutinize his levers and his wheels. I repeat, I am neither a disappointed senator nor his hireling; but I am a lover of my country and will not tamely see her injured. Gentlemen, do not discredit me. There are men who can talk fine things and feel them too---pardon me when I add, there are men who can talk and feel the direct reverse. At least, then, beware how you will act; if, indeed, you will act at all. England has long been agape to behold the first-born wonder

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* These hints are not my own. They were suggested by a friend, to whose talents and learning I am deeply indebted in matters of more importance.

And while thy rigid charms my bosom fill,
To my dear country I will turn me still;
Assert her laws, her charter'd rights uphold,
And bid her sons be virtuous still and bold.

Now bent to free fall'n Europe from her chains;
They dread no despot whilst a BRUNSWICK reigns.

---

of her United Talents; but her United Talents appear to be plunged in a stupor of modesty, joy and apprehension. Collect yourselves and take courage. We have heard your voices and are anxious to see your deeds. Banish from your minds the narrow notions they so fatally cherish, and at length embrace the broad interests of humanity. Enough has been allotted to the vanities of triumph.--it is now time to sacrifice a little to expediency. Believe me, the prosperity of nations is an object not to be slighted, even amidst the mirth of a banquet, or the solemnity of a levee. The nation is angry that your exploits, which are puerile, bear no proportion to your gigantic professions. To vaunt is the privilege of an opposing party; but it is pitiful and disgusting in the party that must act. There is an assured humility, which is the real virtue. Arrogance is ever erroneous and unwise. Like the mariner distempered by a vertical sun, she can see green fields amid the waste of waters, and hear the lowing of cattle in the dashing of the waves.

END OF DIALOGUE THE THIRD.

ALL THE TALENTS.

DIALOGUE THE FOURTH.*

Di meliora ferant; nec sint insomnia vera,
Quæ tulit hesternâ pessima nocte quies.
Ite procul VANI, falsumque avertite visum!
Desinite in vobis quærere velle *fidem*.
Divi vera monent; venturæ nuncia sortis,
Vera monent Tuscis exta PROBATA viris.

TIB.

POLYPUS.

WHO but has read how once † a rebel race,
High on huge Ossa Pelion strove to place;

* The fourth Dialogue is written to commemorate the final overthrow and total discomfiture of All the Talents. The story of these unfortunate gentlemen is short, simple,

To heap Olympus' hill with six or seven,
And by this bold manœuvre mount to heav'n?
Who but has read how fatally they far'd,
Crush'd underneath the pile themselves prepar'd?

---

and pathetic. They got into place by making a promise, and they got out of place by performing it. Perhaps this was the first promise they had ever adhered to, but then it threatened much injury to the nation, and they strained a point accordingly. It is now difficult to say whether the Catholic, the Patriot, the Whig, or the Traitor, detests them most. The Catholic hates them because they have blasted all his prospects; the Patriot, because they have insulted his King; the Whig, because they have disgraced him by unexpected dulness: and the Traitor, because they forgot him in the fulness of prosperity.

† *A rebel race,* &c.]

Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam,
Scilicet atque Ossæ frondosum involvere Olympum.
Ter Pater extructos disjecit fulmine montes.

VIRG.

I hope nobody will put an invidious construction upon my parallel of the Talents and the Giants. Wit, says Locke, consists in likening together unlike things, and if these gentlemen wish to be thought unlike a brood of rebels, I am sure I have no objection to take the consequence, and be considered a wit.

Thus wicked Haman too, with pain I mention,
Died on a gallows of his own invention.

But a tale goes more pitiful by half;
I'm told THE TALENTS,—pray excuse a laugh,—
They who prefer the Pope before the King,
And sneer at conscience as a sneaking thing,
Dupes to their own designs, from pow'r are hurl'd,
* To be the jest and bye-word of the world.

---

* *To be the jest and bye-word of the world.*] *Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fies.* So effectually have I succeeded in rivetting the appellation of * ALL THE TALENTS on the

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* It seems that the *Morning Chronicle*, with an astonishing keenness of retort, has attempted to nick-name the present ministry "ALL THE SWINDLERS!" The classical elegance of this idea is surpassed only by its happy adaptation. But I am *told* (for in truth I have not yet had curiosity to read one of them), that a whole swarm of winged answers are already trying their little stings on me. Luckily for my wishes, the booksellers of this city know the trick of trade, and when a book *goes down*, (as they call it,) instantly employ all the hirelings to enhance its value by abusing it. My publisher, the younger Mr. Stockdale, who is himself an author, and able in his profession, tells me that my antagonists are stupid, and I confide in his judgment.

Of diff'rent factions, but the same pursuit,
Alike intent to pluck Hesperian fruit,
This motley crew were selfishly agreed,
And tied together in a knot of need ;
And as by shaking, oils and acids mix,
Short union ow'd to jumbling politics.
But as the dev'l decreed, (tho' some will hint,
Not dev'ls, but guardian angels meddled in't)
They made a promise solemn and absurd,
And in a freak of honor kept their word.
Nay more, to keep it mov'd all human means,
Fights on the stage and shifts behind the scenes ;
So now like spiders, hous'd in woven clay,
Lo ! the broom-royal sweeps them all away.

---

junto of Catholic memory, that I actually begin to flatter myself that historians will transmit them to posterity with that title. Similar bye-words are not uncommon in English history. There was the *lack-learning* Parliament, and the † *Rump* Parliament, and the *Cabal*—why not *All the Talents ?*

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† The *Rump* Parliament reminds me of the *broad-bottomed* administration.

SCRIBLERUS.

Yet giv'n a grasp, the Talents, we were told,
Like blooded mastiffs ne'er would loose their hold.
And who had blam'd 'em? Heav'n itself ordain'd,
Things hardly earn'd shou'd stoutly be maintain'd.
Men who long follow shou'd as long enjoy;
Troy's ten years' siege demands a prize like Troy.
Gods! shall the royal patent wrap a pill,
And shall these quacks go unrequited still?

POLYPUS.

Yet can wild * W-nd--m, empty as the blast,
Want a reward to compensate the past?

* *W-nd--m.*] This precious speculator has resigned his claims on Norfolk, and thereby discovered more solidity of judgment, and less theoretical research than I could have expected from him. It is pleasant enough to see him, and so many of his colleagues in adversity, *declining* the honor of being represented by their old and only friends,

Say can this sprite of pure ethereal mold,

Sustain material gravity of gold?

and offering reasons so bashful and discreet. Yet, tho' the policy of the measure is beyond a doubt, there may be some question as to the modesty of the motive. But of all the *phænomena* of political timidity that ever astonished the weak mind of man, give *me* Sir Fr--c-s B-rd-tt. This worthy Baronet's reasons for not offering himself as a candidate are really the most blushing and candid ones imaginable. Indeed, he tells us at once, that he has *no Talents whatever.* For that *now,* when men of abilities are most wanted, *he* could be of no service at all! He declares, therefore, that he will lie by, till he can do no good for us, and then, perhaps, he means to amaze us with a readiness at expedients, when there shall be no emergencies, and a fluency of argument, when there shall be nothing to contend! Is this a Patriot? Or do patriots generally run away in the crisis of the combat? *Res est ridicula et nimis jocosa.* I am happy, however, that he *has* kindly consented to suffocate himself with shields and breast-plates, like Sancho, in the battle at Barataria. He will disgust the country, and he will do it no harm. Had it not been for his duel he would never have been elected. Compassion for him, as an injured friend, procured him *one* half of his votes, and he was unable to appear personally to *harangue himself* out of the other. As to poor P--ll, I wish him all sorts of kindnesses, and every merriment that his own innocent mind can procure. He has now sunk below censure itself; and, indeed, much as I might say both of P--ll and B-rd-tt, I am too true a sportsman to fire at *maimed fowl.*

This wrinkled Ariel, imp'd with moonshine wings,
Say can he quit his * cowslip-bell for kings?

SCRIBLERUS.

Alas! his soul too subtle for his clay,
Wastes her terrestrial tenement away,
And lifts this more than man so near the sky,
That scarce, methinks, he can be said to die;
Rais'd and refin'd by intellectual leav'n,
The mortal man amalgamates with heav'n.
Then O! to W-nd--m fun'ral honors give,
Whom matter subtiliz'd forbids to live.

POLYPUS.

Such honours W-nd--m cou'd to Pitt refuse;
But deck his bier—no Envy stains the muse.
Avert vile Envy, Heav'n, from mortal minds;
Toil is her rest, in Virtue Vice she finds,

* Where the bee sips there lurk I,
In a *cowslip's bell* I lie.
Song of Ariel *in* The Tempest

Admiring merit, him who has it, hates,
And Malice, Plot, and Murder, are her mates.
From her keen fang nor tow'r nor temple save,
She tugs at thrones and violates the grave.
Her eyes unlike, with verdant sparkles glare,
And hissing serpents implicate her hair;
Pale eating fires around her body run,
Mists from her mouth expire and blot the sun.

SCRIBLERUS.

Yet Envy's self must mourn how P-tty * fell,
Just warm with life, and issuing from his shell;
† Two-legg'd, unfeather'd, quite a chick of chance,
That knock'd its little head against finance;

* *P-tty.*] The University of Cambridge has confirmed the public opinion of Lord P-tty, by rejecting him as a representative. This is the greatest disgrace he could possibly undergo, because it is the most unequivocal criterion of the small estimation in which he is universally held. Yet, tho' I have no hope of an increase in his understanding, I do not altogether despair of a reform in his principles. He is young, and has got into bad company—but time works strange things, and time may endow his Lordship with some worldly prudence, though it cannot alter the texture of his brain.

† *Two-legg'd, unfeather'd.*] Animal bipes implume.

Peck'd chaff for corn, hopp'd onward, lame and blind,
And dying, left no golden egg behind.
What tho' small brains within his head be hung?
Yet the just gods have giv'n the boy a tongue.
What tho' his Lordship in th' Exchequer fail?
Yet if he cannot reason, he can rail.

POLYPUS.

Place then his genius in its proper sphere,
Where all may laugh at it and none need fear;
Milk is a balm in its concocted state,
Tho' crudely pass'd into the blood, 'tis fate.

Yet had the youth from syren Pow'r refrain'd,
Content to hug th' applause a speech obtain'd,
Fondly his little merits we had ey'd,
And counted much conceal'd because untry'd;
But now his pow'rs are truly understood;
* Use strips at last the gilding from the wood.

* *Use strips at once the gilding from the wood.*] His lord-

Now back to starve see weeping T-rn-y * go;
Starve did I say? Alas! I *fear* 'tis so.
Keen was his wit when hunger edg'd his scull,
'Twas *ministerial ven'son* made him dull.

---

ship remained in power precisely long enough to make it appear that he could not have remained a moment longer. Indeed, the short * administration of All the Talents, reminds me, in many respects, of the short peace we once made with Bonaparte. Each was equally inglorious, and each injured us materially; yet served us also, by confirming us in a bad opinion of both. It is thus with the momentary glimpse of lightning; the short glare which shews us our danger is the danger itself—However, the noisy thunder which follows is always harmless.

* *Now back to starve see weeping T-rn-y go.*] This gentleman is one among the many, who possess the negative talent of telling others what they should *not* do, without having capacity to teach them what they *ought* to do. Mr. T--rn-y can pull down *palaces*, tho' he cannot build a *pig-sty*.

J'ai eu, et aurai pour lui, toute ma vie, une aversion effroyable.

---

* They remained in power exactly *one* year, *one* month, and *one* day. They might therefore be aptly termed the *Unit* Administration; though *now*, indeed, the *Units* are metamorphosed into *Cyphers*.

Then let him still in harmless silence eat;

You give him *morals* when you grant him *meat*.*

SCRIBLERUS.

But ah! what shift shall † Sh--r--n essay,

Who cannot borrow, and who will not pay?

* O dulces comitum valete Cœtus!
Longe quos simul a domo profectos,
Diversè variæ viæ reportant!

CATUL.

† *Sh--r--n.*] This "*blazing meteor,*" who has the most cause to be vexed at the late change, has kept, or seemed to keep, his temper the best. He bears his misfortune, if not with the real meekness of a Christian, at least, with the apparent good-humour of a rake. He knows enough of the world to be conscious that the triumph is doubled when the loser appears mortified, so he very wisely laughs and jokes over his αἶσχος οἶνου, and makes the best of a bad bargain.

Yet I cannot conceive what end a man of Mr. S--d--n's age and situation can propose, by adhering to a party whom he certainly despises in his heart. Personal attachment might have tied him to it during Mr. Fox's life, but the motive should have expired with the object which caused it. Mr. S. talks much of his consistency. If steadiness to

POLYPUS.

The head that twice three bottles can endure,
Finds ways and means these bottles to procure;
Wou'd you know how? His honor is not nice;
Laughing he'll tell you, and he'll tell you twice.
No man is half so sly the dun to slip;
No man boasts how with half so sly a lip.

SCRIBLERUS.

Now let the Dramatist return to Drury,
And * Wh-tbr--d drop the Commons for the Brew'ry.

---

an inconsistent party be consistency, why then I must allow Mr. Sh--d--n an ample portion of this virtue. But the truth is, Mr. Sh--d-n is personally, not politically consistent. He mistakes friendship for patriotism, and because he has not deserted his bottle companions, flatters himself he has not deserted his country. It happens then, by an odd sort of distracted logic, that the proof of his consistency depends upon proving his want of it.

* *Wh-tbr--d.*] I once heard a very deformed person

Yet Wh-tb--d's double talent who can fear ?
He brews small mischief, and he brews small beer ;
Harmless alike in unpolluted grains,
And in the heavy baggage of his brains.
Non omnes omnia possumus, I fear ;
The man is muddy, but his drink is clear.

POLYPUS.

Safe let him pass the ordeal of my pen ;
'Twere more than mean to turn on him again.
Dull heads are harmless, and unharm'd shou'd go ;
If a stone strikes one, who returns the blow ?

---

console himself with the reflection, that at least, he bade defiance to the knife of the anatomist. I think Mr. W. may comfort himself in a similar manner. There is an inexplicability about the man that puzzles me extremely. I have already taken in pieces all the *carveable* parts of his character, and *for the present*, abandon him in despair.

SCRIBLERUS.

Yet feeble * S-dm--th let a line engage;
Here vent thy venom, here exhaust thy rage;
Unfit to plan, and crossing ev'ry plot,
A go-between, a spoil-sport, a what not?
Curst with some conscience, (an uncourtly sign)
Much of a dunce, and more of a divine;
Who still his party changes, like his shirt,
To wear again when ridded of its dirt.
Still, still in negatives his Lordship deals,
And 'tis his absence that his party feels.

* *S-dm--th.*] This nobleman was one of the three that refused to unite their fortunes with that gang of smugglers, who endeavoured to pass contraband measures on the royal conscience. His Lordship has thus proved himself what, indeed, I always thought him—*a mighty good sort of man*; and tho' his Lordship has not abilities to command an administration, he possesses the singular property of putting every administration to the rout. As I said before, his lordship is *a mighty good sort of man.*

POLYPUS.

Yet let me say of S-dm--th I have hope:
At least he loves the King beyond the Pope.
Pass then his weakness, since his heart is well:
A good man's blunder is the jest of hell.

* Eccentric Ers—e, fop enough to faint,
Now doffs his trammels and his stiff constraint;
Yet more my mirth than anger he provokes;
The worst of Judges was the best of jokes;
Grotesquely grave, and aukward in his rise,
The wit turn'd fool, endeav'ring to be wise.

---

* *Eccentric Ersk--e.*] This noble Lord is *settled for life,* so I most sincerely hope we shall never hear of him or his φαρμακων σοφων again. And indeed, I doubt not, he will now begin to think that all things are actually as they should be, and that a country which affords his Lordship *four thousand per annum,* (ah! le pauvre homme!) cannot want either a reform or a revolution.

SCRIBLERUS.

Yet ev'ry merit meets in him alone,
That modern fops and ancient sages own;
Esprit de rose and *jeu d'esprit* combine;
"CELESTIAL VIRTUE" and "POMMADE DIVINE."

POLYPUS.

Yes, he *has* virtue—Pity on a head,
That oft a heart so honest has misled.
Yet now, perhaps, imagination's ray
May grow more temp'rate with his closing day;
And as its ardors tow'rd th' horison tend,
The pale cold orb of Reason may ascend.
Ah, proud in vain! how rarely we behold
Wit mix'd with wisdom in a mortal mold.

Back to cabal let turbid * H-w—k turn,
And splash up sourness from his gutt'ral churn;
With grimly wit the hating House infest,
Death in his smile, and terror in his jest;

* *H-w-ck*] What shall I say of this able, this temperate, this virtuous nobleman? To praise him were an insult, to abuse him, "stale," to advise him, "unprofitable;" and then he happens to be so "melancholy and gentleman-like," that it is out of the nature of things to make a jest of him. The disgraceful contest he so long supported with his noble master, has undone him for ever.

Un prince, dont les yeux se font jour dans les cœurs,
Et qui ne peut tromper tout l'art des Imposteurs.
D'un fin discernement sa grande ame pourvue,
Sur les choses toujours jette une droite vue.

MOL. TART.

As to his ally, Lord Gr-nv-lle, I find it a painful, but indispensible duty, to declare my present sentiments of a man, whom three months ago I considered as the pride and prop of his country. Three months ago, my long partiality towards his Lordship still led me to hope, that his mysterious junction with Mr. Fox was owing to some unfortunate, not culpable, misunderstanding with his relative, and that tho' he had changed his party, he had not altered his principles. I therefore refrained from remarking on the matter, and merely hinted my hope that he would not be found to fail in his zeal and fidelity. But how miserably has this hope been disappointed! He has now in-

Who leaves one scheme another to begin,

And drops a plot as serpents cast a skin.

volved himself for ever in the desperate predicament of a faction, which his long political life had heretofore been uniformly employed in reprobating and exposing. It was not the slow prejudice of early education, nor the sudden impulse of casual passion; it was the cold calculation of selfish policy, which drew him to desert his natural connections and the rigid consistency of his character, that he might domineer over men whom he detested, and excel, as an enemy, him whom he could not equal, as a friend. He has now mixed his name and united his fortune with the detestable H–w-ck—he has recommended men to the royal favor, whom he had once counselled his Sovereign to degrade—he has insulted the Sovereign himself—he has descended to the despicable expedient of entrapping his sacred signature, and he has adopted the low cant of those political sportsmen, who make destruction an amusement, and hunt down Liberty with the cry of Independence. I really retain so much of my former regard for this unhappy nobleman, that I cannot *yet* speak of him with all that asperity, which, I hope he has still reason enough remaining to be convinced he deserves. Perhaps too, he may hereafter act in such a manner as shall make me lament I had said even thus little. Alas! what is there on earth that can compensate for the forfeiture of that true integrity, which, while it exists independent of fortune or of station, renders all other dignity eventually subservient to its own.

Perhaps it is not generally known that my Lord Gr-nv-lle

Yet who now heeds him ? Ev'n his former friends,
Renounce his tenets as they see his ends.
Now scorn'd of all, no more to foes a dread,
Say in what hollow shall he hide his head ?
O titled fall ! O badly-barter'd name !
O, last sad relic of a frustrate aim !
Bedeckt with flow'rs and rich with broider'd gold,
The sick man's splendid coverlet behold ;

(an ancient noble) once actually quarrelled with my Lord H-w-ck, (*not* an ancient noble) because my Lord H-w-ck would not consent to make the plebeian Mr. Wh-tb--d—What ? Why *Chancellor of the Exchequer !* I mention this incident merely to shew the difference between Lord Gr-nv-lle of past days and the present nobleman of that name.

But a still more melancholy instance of political infatuation occurs in the good Bishop of L-nc-ln. This venerable divine,—the tutor of Mr. Pitt,—and the friend and supporter of his pupil thro' life, is, at this moment, (alas ! let us pardon the weakness of age) the friend and supporter of Lord Gr-nv-lle ! I should be sorry to class together the Bishop and the Parson—or the mind, bed-ridden by time, and the heart lame by nature ; but really I cannot avoid drawing odd comparisons between an obstinate T--ke, who unites with neither party, and a flexible Pr-ttym-n who unites with both.

But lo! tho' round him richest tissue glares,
The fester'd body tosses and despairs.

SCRIBLERUS.

Come Muse of Eulogy, who ply'st thy trade
In flowr's of gauze and glories ready-made;
Come, for my H-w—k needs thee—Come, but bring,
A bunch of praises underneath thy wing.
Mix up, * like modern novels, if you can,
The *sine labe monstrum* of a man.

* *Like modern novels*—whose heroes and heroines are ever the quintessence of perfection, except as to the personal failings of the young lady, who possesses a body of the most delicate and complaining nature, and admirably expert in the feminine accomplishments of screaming and fainting. These * *indispensable necessities*, together with a few fits of delirium, and love the most sudden and unsophisticated, form the main prop of her character. Temperance, soberness and chastity, &c. come in as matter

* The word which our late worthy Ministry always applied to their unconstitutional measures.

Let truth, wit, honor, all his soul compose,
And lug in squeaking Virtue by the nose.
Else let two shepherds sing him in a grove,
And smooth the lay with interlarded love;
While envious Philomel forbears her lays,
* And earless rills stand list'ning in amaze!

POLYPUS.

In vain, in vain on Eulogy you call,
The goddess flies disgusted from them all.
Ev'n their best friends take no defensive part,
But turn the topic with an aukward art.

---

of course. As to the hero, he is always a youth of high qualifications and an easy flow of nonsense. He curses very prettily. Thunderbolts and the fixed stars are always at his elbow, and no man can sink himself to perdition with so fine a grace. The novels of Miss Edgeworth, however, should be distinguished from the common class. These, while they gratify the fancy, really inform the heart.

* Et mutata suos requiêrunt flumina cursus.
VIRG.

SCRIBLERUS.

Come, come, my friend, your muse is just aground;
Truce with the Talents—better themes abound.
Still on this madness if your mind be bent,
Mix method in't, and gall the government;
Make but the modern Ministry afraid,
A pension follows, and your fortune's made.

POLYPUS.

I doubt the sequel, and the means I scorn;
What! like rash C——d, shall I blindly horn?
Who buts at all things, heeds nor truth nor reason,
And talks much loyalty, but means much treason.

SCRIBLERUS.

Yet All the Talents tho' henceforth you spare,
From Marquis * D—gl—s down to † Bob Ad—r,

Tho' honest Gr-nv-lle from thy fang escape;

Who willing to make something by the scrape,

Sought in his fall nor riches, toys, nor tags,

But merely † wrote an order for *old rags*;

---

* D--gl-s. This humorous nobleman used to ride about Petersburg in a dress compounded of every costume in the known world. The natives made our noble ambassador a standing jest, and actually took him for a madman, which was but a bad guess, inasmuch as madmen really *do* possess a certain shrewdness on *some* subjects.

† *Bob Ad--r.*] The right pleasant expounder of Mr. Fox's letter to the Electors of Westminster. But Bob has lately obtained so much notoriety by the embassy to Petersburg, that I believe I shall leave Bob in the quiet enjoyment of it. "Bob, Bob—there is melody, Sir, in the very name." Really it suits the man to a miracle. It is even more expressive than Virgil's admired monosyllable,

Procumbit humi Bos!
Procumbit humi Bob!

† *Wrote an order for old rags.*] That is, he wrote an order for money to purchase paper, tho', *of course*, he did not mean to spend the money in any other manner. The anecdote is worth recording. The first Lord of the Treasury is not allowed stationary in kind, like the army paymaster, but has an annual allowance in money. Lord

Yet some sore truths of * H-k-sb-ry you might tell;
A lash at C-nn-ng too methinks were well.

POLYPUS.

Yes, let his Lordship tremble, if a soul,
Firm to withstand, and potent to controul,
If tow'ring genius be a graceless thing,
And worth that won the friendship of his King.
And O, to † C-nn-ng see the hate extend,
That, felt by Traitors, grac'd his mighty friend;
That friend whose virtues, living all approv'd,
Who dying, pass'd them to the heart he lov'd.

Gr-nv-ll-, therefore, when on the eve of dismissal from office, sent an order for the *entire stipend of the second year,* of which just one day more than a *month* had expired! His draft, however, was *not* accepted; and, I believe, it now lies at the office, in spite of his Lordship's anxious endeavours to reclaim the written testimony of his shrewdness.

* H--k-sb--ry. No encomium of mine could add to the established reputation of his Lordship. He has indeed attained to that solid dignity of character, at which praise ceases to be useful, and from which the shafts of malice fall blunted to the ground.

† *C-nn-ng.*] Yet I think I never heard of a political cha-

SCRIBLERUS.

Then seize on * Eld-n——

POLYPUS.

——Eld-n, without art,

Firm, modest, able, integral of heart—

SCRIBLERUS.

Hush, hush—such honied phrases will not do.

Dip 'em in gall, and Ch-th-m drag to view.

---

racter, who, with those splendid talents which Mr. C-nn-ng possesses, could boast of more friends and fewer enemies than he can. The people look forward with confidence to the career of a man, whose uncommon endowments become more evident every day, and whom,

* ——— μενοντα τε μαρναμενον τε,
Τῆς περι καὶ παιδών,

Party herself, with her hundred eyes, has never even *attempted* to calumniate.

* Eld-n. Lord Thurlow at a very early period saw and encouraged the rising abilities of this nobleman. Lord Eld-n's natural timidity, however, was always detrimental to him.

---

* Tyrtæus.

POLYPUS.

Retiring Ch-th-m, careless of the bay,
Perhaps may wish me silent when I say,
That in the clear unclouded sun of mind,
He nor to brother nor to sire resign'd.

SCRIBLERUS.

But who than * W-ll-sl-y seems more fit to maul?
Pow'r he refuses, and the reason?—P-ull!

* *W-ll-s--y.*] Who will take up the cudgels for Mr. P-ull, and assault the noble Marquis *now?* I sincerely hope that some one hardy enough will be found. "It will be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever."

J'en conçois pour moi, la meilleure esperance du monde.

POLYPUS.

Yet he who proffer'd honors can withstand,
While party soils him with her unwash'd hand,
A silent inf'rence to the heart affords,
That moves more strongly than a thousand words.

SCRIBLERUS.

Strike then at R-se—

POLYPUS.

—What, strike true British stuff;
The friend of Pitt, the foe—

SCRIBLERUS.

—Enough, enough.

* Mr. R-se combines quickness and solidity in an eminent degree. His *witty sayings* are also remarkable. I do not forget the *Box* and the *Dickie*.

A mere dull flatt'rer now methinks you seem,

And more offensive in the worse extreme.

* 'Tis strange the Town still presses to peruse

The feeble efforts of so mean a muse,

---

* *'Tis strange the Town still presses to peruse.*] Much as I am anxious to account for the almost unprecedented circulation of my poem, on the score of its own merit, I fear I must confess that its chief popularity has arisen from the extreme unpopularity of those whom it satirises. The people being violently enraged against these unfortunate men, read my book to save themselves trouble, by gratifying their anger the shortest way. For they found in it all that indignation ready-made, which they felt forcibly enough themselves, but, in the urgency of the moment, could not conveniently express. I fancy I owe far more to the fidelity of my portraits than to the manner in which they are executed. It is certain that the deformities which disgust us in real life appear agreeable when imitated; and if the copy be pleasing in proportion as the original is detestable, I own I should have had no possible excuse had I failed.

On the merits of the *present* Ministry it is yet too soon to decide, but they have at least *begun* auspiciously, and I think I may say of them without much partiality, that

> Laissant la *fierté des paroles* aux autres,
> C'est par leurs *actions* qu'ils reprennent les notres.
>
> MOL.

Who, like a cur, as apt to fawn as bite,
Divides her verse 'twixt flattery and spite.

POLYPUS.

Yet were I known, the world would soon descry,
No private cause to praise or blame have I.

SCRIBLERUS.

And yet the World avers from Court it came,
While B-lg--e or M-th--s bear the blame.
Some lay the bantling down at C-nn--g's door,
For say they shrewdly, "*C-nn--g wrote before.*"

POLYPUS.

Still let 'em guess, and happy is the bard,
In days so dull to gain a short regard.
O who can say how days so dull may close,
And when th' exhausted world will woo repose!

How strange and how perverse the passing times!
How big with wonders, and how black with crimes!
Now realms, like meteors, pass and disappear;
Wars last a day, and truces hold a year;
* Yet not for towns or bound'ries is the strife,
But for just order, liberty, and life.
The social pact, not writ but understood,
Sinks to first rights and individual good;
Pow'r is the godhead, Policy the creed,
The height of human virtue—TO SUCCEED.
To savage climes see social order run;
Dull villains thrive, and good men are undone.†

* *Yet not for towns, &c.*]

Non agitur de vectigalibus, non de sociorum injuriis: libertas et anima nostra in dubio est. SALL.

† *Dull villains thrive, &c.*] There is, however, one exception, in the calumniators of the P—ss of W—s, who has at length obtained a signal triumph over them all. I wish I could add, a *complete* triumph; but I shall never consider her R. H. as entirely exculpated, till the report of the proceedings of the Secret Committee, with all its appendages, are submitted to public inspection. *The looking-glass,—child,—blue sofa,—horse-chair, or whiskey,—the letter dated*

Chivalric glory hides his cow'ring head,
And dark cold speculation arms instead.
See, cheap as chaff, and marketable things,
A wretch's breath turn traitors into kings.
See, worse than traitors, public guardians stand,
Adroit in all things but to guard the land;
Who left by treason, treason will not quit,
But plot against themselves to prove their wit.
True but to treach'ry, false by very creed,
And vicious more from wantonness than need,
To keep a promise they wou'd break an oath,
But 'tis their usual way to laugh at both.

* Here let me hold—tho' such men still remain,
Thank heav'n, the world now holds 'em in disdain.

5th March, 1807, &c. &c. &c. would furnish a topic of public discussion for months together.

* *Here let me hold.*] I now bid a tender adieu to my good friends All the Talents. Tender I say, because tho' I originally wrote against them with hatred in my heart, yet really they have afforded me so much good sport during the winter season, that (God forgive me) I cannot

When next my voice the public ear invades,

May no curst faction call me from my shades;

avoid feeling a degree of affection for them. And after all, why should I not entertain a regard for these, as well as for other animals! Many bestow their affections on beasts and reptiles—and let me ask, if H-w--k, W--d--m, or P-tty, are more loathsome or destructive than a pet rat, a favorite spider, or a dearly-beloved monkey? And if we descend from the animate to the inanimate creation, why may not one grow fond of Mr. W--tb--d, as well as of a clumsy arm-chair or a pewter tankard? I boldly own my obligations to these gentlemen, and "careless of what the cens'ring world may say," stand acquitted to my conscience, my country, and my King. If they have not enabled me to prove myself a poet, yet, by the sudden relinquishment of their places, they have made a prophet of me. Did I not say, "the present Ministry will not hold long,"—which was a direct prediction. Did I not also say, that "the summit of a wave is the most untenable situation in nature,"—which was a broad hint; and that "in place and out of place are different things,"—which was a sly, but deep insinuation. Whatever, then, the faults and enormities of these "spiritless and woe-begone" gentlemen may have been, let us remember that they are now degraded and wretched; and let us, by practising christian charity towards them, strengthen that religion which they had vainly endeavoured to violate. While they still live, let us remember, if we can, that they are of the human species; and when they die, let us allow them the rites of

But soon my muse may happy Albion call,
When dove-ey'd Peace, long hov'ring o'er the ball,
All weak and panting from her circuit wide,
At length shall view the waves below subside;
And downward turning as the hills disclose,
On this blest spot her olive shall repose.

---

human burial. Let us lay them, side by side, in *a placé of sculls*; enclose the curious spot with nettles and ivy; adorn it with a trophy of sky-rockets and wooden guns, and on a "plain marble slab" inscribe this epitaph:

HIC,
"JACENT PENITUS DEFOSSA TALENTA!"

A

PASTORAL EPILOGUE

TO

ALL THE TALENTS.

ALL THE TALENTS,

A

PASTORAL EPILOGUE.

Qui BAVIUM non odit, amet tua carmina, MÆVI.
Atque idem jungat VULPES——

VIRG. ECL.

'Twas on the day that debtors much commend,
When knaves who borrow laugh at knaves who lend,
When the poor Rhimer, fearless of a writ,
Descends from heights more Attic than his wit,
Forth to the fields two pensive Poets fare,
To suck up similies and purer air;
And, hand in hand, to meet the matin prime,
Magnanimously mad in mighty rhime.

Self-happy MÆVIUS, trickt in all his shew,
You might call decent, as the poets go;
Nay, if you met him, shelt'ring from a show'r,
Mistrustless of a bard, might ask the hour.
But the good BAVIUS nothing cou'd improve;
High food, fair linen, Pharmacy or Love.
Once in the week his rusty razors win,
The jetty stubble cherish'd on his chin;
Long raven locks lie matted on his brows,
And thin with thinking, all his body bows.
* The mountain's cheek now blushing with the morn,
Thus MÆVIUS murmurs, eating ears of corn.

MÆVIUS.

Now when all Nature laughs in liv'ry new,
Stript of their robes, the shiv'ring TALENTS view;

* The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side.
POPE'S PAST.

† Heav'n loves odd numbers, ancient poets say;
The Talents rul'd a year, a month, a day.
Sing we the men, who, dext'rous to derange,
Upset themselves—‡ the Muses love a change.
O let the bard who follow'd lofty Pow'r,
Lament the setting of her transient hour.
Yon yellow flow'r that travels with the Sun,
Contracts in sorrow when his race is run.

BAVIUS.

Sing then—but first an aiding arm apply.
Fall'n in the plash how sad an object I!
Yon berries black with vegetable blood,
Allur'd my foot—I slipp'd amidst the mud.
Yet here I'll sit. The tumble suits the tale,
Weak tho' my song, my posture may prevail.

† Numero Deus impare gaudet.
Virg. Ecl.

‡ Amant alterna Camænæ.
Virg. Ecl.

MÆVIUS.

See, fresh and dry, by sudden winds embrac'd,
Sheer from its seat yon heap of hay displac'd,
While the high whirlwind, op'ning it in air,
Whisks the distracted forage Heav'n knows where!
Compact and placid thus THE TALENTS lay,
Thus a rude moment whirl'd 'em all away!

BAVIUS.

Lo! yon bright bow, like WINDHAM disappears,
And at its exit steeps the world in tears.

MÆVIUS.

The tears, methinks, seem pleasing to the ball,
The meteor useful, only in its fall.

BAVIUS.

See yon fair shrub the sipping bee supply,
With nect'rous nutriment of golden die.
Such honied blessings from my GRENVILLE came—

MÆVIUS.

The shrub is poison, nightshade is its name.
In its dire blossom health and mischief meet;
Ah, fear a flow'r so venemously sweet!

BAVIUS.

Weep we poor SHERIDAN, for place unfit—

MÆVIUS.

Wit rules his reason, folly rules his wit.

All follow Chance and mount her blasts unaw'd;
So yon hoar thistle sends its seeds abroad.
Within a globular attire of wings,
Centric they travel, wheeling airy rings;
Then light on barren rocks, as Fortune rules,
Adhere to briars or dance on gusty pools.

BAVIUS.

Red as his house, his visage or his wine,
Yon BED OF ROSES soon shall droop and pine.
* The rose shall wither but the thorn remain;
So a short triumph leaves a lasting pain.

MÆVIUS.

How like yon furrow, cut by shining shares,
Is the deep frown unhappy HOWICK wears.

* Pro molli violâ, pro purpureo narcisso,
Carduus et spinis surgit paliurus acutis.
VIRG. ECL.

Hope cut the furrow, but the frown, Despair;
Both a blest omen to the Country bear.

BAVIUS.

Late from yon bog a heavy vapour came,
That look'd like WHITBREAD rising to declaim.
Late too, a vapour round yon mountain spread,
That now dispersing, leaves a naked head.
How like the lot of mountains and of whigs;
Hills lose their caps, and judges lose their wigs!

MÆVIUS.

Hibernian TIERNEY, still and smooth before,
Hurl'd from his height, must now renew his roar;
So flows yon stream (which Poets streamlet call)
Hush'd in its progress, boist'rous in its fall.

BAVIUS.

Behold yon heifer to the rill repair,
And cool her palate in the glassy fare.
Against the stream she turns her nose, and why?
'Tis the short method and the Calf is dry.
This SIDMOUTH practis'd, 'till, in hour accurst,
Too deeply drinking, down he dropp'd and burst.

MÆVIUS.

* Rome's other hope what sneers and taunts annoy.
Hark! sick Finance exclaims, † A Boy! a Boy!
Ev'n ALMA spurns her offspring once so dear;
‡ The boy is bad, the mother is severe.

---

* Spes altera Romæ.
VIRG. ÆN.

† Deus, Deus ille, Menalca!
VIRG. ECL.

‡ Improbus ille Puer, crudelis tu quoque Mater.
VIRG. ECL.

BAVIUS.

Yet shall the youth to tow'ring heights attain;
Like yon young lark, just springing from the grain.
In argent ether, blue without a blot,
See, see, the bird is wafted——

MÆVIUS.

See, tis shot!

BAVIUS.

Hear in yon dome the bell to breakfast ring.
Till Mævius eat, ah! let him cease to sing.
Soft flows thy voice when hunger is away,
* But keen and bitter on a lenten day!

* ——— ανερις Διοκλειδας.
Χω 'νὴρ ὄξος απαν' ωεινᾶντί γε μηδε ωοτένθης.
THEOCRIT. IDYL.

As yon harsh bell, because 'tis hollow, rung,
An empty stomach makes an angry tongue.

So sing the Bards while Sol ascends the sky,
* Match'd in the muse and ready to reply.
All day they range by meadow, fount or fold;
† Tomorrow to blank verse and garret old.

* Et cantare pares et respondere parati.
VIRG. ECL.

† Tomorrow to fresh fields and pasture new.
MILT. LYC.

FINIS.

T. Gillet, Printer, Wild-Court.

ELIJAH'S MANTLE;

BEING

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THAT ILLUSTRIOUS STATESMAN

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM PITT.

Humbly Dedicated to the Right Rev.

THE LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

To which is added,

A PREFATORY ADDRESS.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

SOLD BY E. WALKER, PRINT-SELLER, CORNHILL;

And by all Booksellers and Newsmen in the United Kingdom.

W. Wilson, Printer, St. John's-Square.

1807.

TO THE

Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln,

IN TESTIMONY OF THE HIGH SENSE WHICH IS ENTERTAINED OF HIS LEARNING AND HIS WORTH;

AND AS THE PRECEPTOR OF THAT UNRIVALLED PATRIOT AND PREEMINENT CHARACTER, THE LATE

RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM PITT;

THIS POEM

IS PRESENTED WITH ALL IMAGINABLE RESPECT AND VENERATION,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST OBEDIENT,

AND MOST DEVOTED SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

AMONG the many illustrious characters in every age and country which have been held up to the admiration of posterity, by the genius of the Poet, or the discernment of the Historian, the name of that great Statesman, the RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM PITT, will ever maintain a distinguished place. With the grandeur and prosperity of Britain, the mind, by an involuntary impulse, associates the talents of this extraordinary man; and in contemplating its splendour and its pre-eminence over other states, reflects with a degree of veneration, bordering on enthusiasm, on the vigour, integrity, and consummate abilities of the Minister to whom England is indebted for its present glory.

To endowments of the most elevated kind, and eloquence the most impressive, he united great intrepidity and unsullied probity of character. His speeches breathe sentiments of the purest patriotism; and all his views, his measures, and desires, were devoted to one grand and important object—to uphold the dignity—extend the power—and enlarge the commerce of this, his native Isle.

In defending his country from the incursions of anarchy, and protecting its rights from being corrupted or destroyed, if, as pretended, he intrenched on the liberties of the subject, and added to the burthens of the realm, let it be recollected that he lived in times of uncommon difficulty, which demanded all the faculties of his great and enterprising mind, all the resources of his superior and vigorous intellect, to stem the torrent of principles which had hastened the downfall of neighbouring governments, and threatened to bury, in one common ruin, every thing which, as Britons, we had been taught to esteem. To his foresight, his vigilance, and his energy, we owe, perhaps, our very existence as an independent state. With a promptitude, a vigour which can never be sufficiently extolled, he crushed in the bud the seeds of revolt and disaffection—restrained the baneful effects of a contagious frenzy—frustrated the machinations of internal enemies, and repelled the ambition of an avowed and gigantic foe. But for the timely and spirited exertion of his prodigious powers, our laws had been subverted—our domestic comforts invaded—our property absorbed;—liberty had degenerated into licentiousness—subordination into disorder—truth had been exchanged for scepticism, and religion for infidelity.

With the exception of a few tranquil years, at the commencement of his brilliant career, when he established a system of Finance, which is the theme of general eulogium, and brought the nation to a pitch of grandeur almost unparalleled, his administration was one continued scene of warfare, replete with important events and unprecedented occurrences.

The revolution of France, so fatal in its consequences to the interests and happiness of Europe, generated a thousand evils, and gave birth to a series of calamities, which nothing but his matchless talents could have prevented from undermining the constitution, and feeding on the vitals of the kingdom. Still in every arduous trial, in every impending gloom, such was the confidence of all ranks and descriptions of persons in his attachment to his sovereign—in his zeal for the public welfare—and in the ascendancy of his genius—that they felt a conscious security against projects, however vast or stupendous, which menaced destruction to every well organized and civilized state. But to delineate his various excellencies would require a volume. Suffice it then to say, that having devoted the labours of an active life to the service of Great Britain, to reflect a lustre upon his character beyond the power of language to express, and to engrave his memory in the bosom of every Briton; he expired with this ejaculation of solicitude for its future glory, quivering on his lips;—

"Oh! my Country!!!"

To depict his merits as a statesman, and his virtues as a man, various have been the effusions of the Muse. But among the numerous verses which have appeared in testimony of his superlative talents, and commemorative of his irreparable loss, nothing can convey a more delicate compliment to his memory, or paint in stronger colours the pre-eminence of his abilities, than the poem of Elijah's Mantle. It is at once simple, dignified, classical, and

correct,—and without any parade of learning,—or ostentatious display of poetical ornament, exhibits, in a strain of refined panegyric, much erudition and good taste. The satire is poignant, but divested of coarseness and asperity—the allusions eminently happy—and the prominent features of the political characters whose conduct it would censure, admirably described.

To preserve, then, an anonymous production of such acknowledged merit, from sinking into that oblivion so frequently the lot of fugitive pieces, however ably written, or momentous the occasion to which they owe their existence, this poem is presented to the public in a form suitable to the importance of the subject, and befitting its intrinsic worth. It will now, doubtless, be received with avidity into the libraries of every admirer of that immortal Statesman, WILLIAM PITT, and gliding to posterity down the stream of time, partake a portion of his fame, and an emanation of his glory.

London, 20th Feb. 1807.

ELIJAH'S

MANTLE.

1.

WHEN by th' Almighty's dread command,
ELIJAH, call'd from Israel's land,
Rose in the sacred flame,
His Mantle good ELISHA caught,
And with the Prophet's spirit fraught,
Her second hope became.

2.

In PITT our Israel saw combin'd
The Patriot's heart—the Prophet's mind,
ELIJAH's spirit here;
Now, sad reverse!—that spirit reft,
No confidence, no hope is left;
For no ELISHA's near.

3.

Is there among the greedy band,
Who've seiz'd on Power with harpy hand,
And Patriot worth assume,
One on whom public faith can rest—
One fit to wear ELIJAH's vest,
And cheer the Nation's gloom?

4.

Grenville,—to aid thy Treasury fame,
A portion of his Mantle claim,
Pitt's generous ardour feel;
'Bove sordid self resolve to soar,
Amidst Exchequer gold be poor,
Thy wealth—the public weal.

5.

Fox,—if on thee some remnant fall,
The shred may to thy mind recall
Those hours of loud debate
When thy unhallow'd lips oft prais'd
"The glorious fabric" traitors rais'd
On Bourbon's fallen state—

6.

Thy soul let PITT's example fire,
With Patriot zeal thy tongue inspire,
Spite of thy Gallic leaven;
And teach thee in thy latest day,
His form of prayer, (if thou cans't pray)
"*O save my Country, Heaven!*"

7.

WINDHAM,— if e'er thy sorrows flow
For private loss, or public woe,
Thy rigid brow unbend:
Tears, over CÆSAR, BRUTUS shed,
HIS hatred warr'd not with the dead—
And PITT was once thy friend.

8.

Does Envy bid thee *not* to mourn?
Hold then his Mantle up to scorn,
His well-earn'd Fame assail;
Of funeral honours rob his corse,
And at his virtues, till thou'rt hoarse,
Like curst THERSITES rail.

9.

But know that these ungenerous deeds,
As long as age to age succeeds,
Shall prove thy glory's bane;
That noxious as the vernal blast,
Shall on thy blighted memory cast
An everlasting stain.

10.

Illustrious Roscius of the State,
New breech'd and harness'd for debate,
Thou wonder of thy age!!!
PETTY or BETTY art thou hight
By Granta sent to strut thy night
On Stephen's bustling stage?

11.

PITT's 'Chequer robe will PETTY wear?
Take of his Mantle then a share,
'Twill aid thy Ways and Means;
And should Fat Jack, and his Cabal,
Cry " rob us the Exchequer, Hal!"
'Twill charm away those fiends.

12.

Sage PALINURUS of the realm!
By VINCENT call'd to take the helm,
And play a proxy's part;
Dost thou a star, or compass know,
Canst reef aloft—or steer below?
Hast conn'd the seaman's chart?

13.

No! from PITT's Mantle tear a rag,
Enough to serve thee for a flag,
And hoist it on thy mast:
Beneath that sign (our prosperous star)
Shall future NELSONS rush to war,
And rival victories past.

14.

SIDMOUTH,—though low his head be laid
Who call'd thee from thy native shade,
And gave thee second birth;—
Gave thee the sweets of Power and Place,
The tufted robe—the gilded mace,
And rear'd thy puny worth:

15.

Think how his Mantle wrapp'd thee round:
Is one of equal virtues found
Among thy *new* Compeers?
Or can thy cloak of Amiens stuff,
Once laugh'd to scorn by Blue and Buff,
Screen thee from WINDHAM's jeers?

16.

When Faction threaten'd Britain's land,
Thy new-made friends—a desperate band,
Like AHAB—stood reprov'd;
PITT's powerful tongue their rage could check;
His counsel sav'd, midst general wreck,
The Israel that he lov'd.

17.

Yes, honour'd Shade; whilst near thy grave
The letter'd sage, and chieftain brave,
The votive marble claim;
O'er thy cold corse—the public tear
Congeal'd, a chrystal shrine shall rear
Unsullied—as thy Fame!!!

W. Wilson, Printer, St. John's Square.

FLAGELLUM

FLAGELLATED:

A

SATIRICAL POEM:

WITH

NOTES.

BY

BEN BLOCK.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN JOSEPH STOCKDALE, 41, PALL-MALL.

1807.

[*Price* 1*s.* 6*d.*]

T. C. Hansard, Printer,
Peterborough-Court,
Fleet-Street.

PREFACE.

AMONGST the endless variety of ephemeral productions which have emanated from the success of those admired and now universally circulated SATIRICAL POEMS—All the Talents[a]; Elijah's Mantle[b]; The Uti Possidetis and Status

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[a] Fourteen Editions in twelve Weeks! The fourth dialogue on the immediate subject of the dismissal of All the Talents from power, cannot but prove generally acceptable.—The Emblematical Frontispiece is admirable—The Motto incomparably applied—Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum! This is indeed almost the ne plus ultra of satire!

[b] A tribute to the manes of Mr. Pitt, absolutely unequalled in the English Language. The Author is understood to be James Sayer, Esq. of Great Ormond Street.

The only elegant, correct, and authorised editions of this and the following, are printed for Stockdale, junior.

Quo[c]; All the Talents' Garland[d]; and, though last, not least in poetico-political merit, Gr-nv-ll-Agonistes; is one, signed Flagellum, entitled All the Blocks.—It is indeed too dull, too vapid, to occasion serious injury to any of the personages whose character it has bespattered. Neither would it have been worthy even censure, in print, but that its malignancy made it an object for the rod. The writer shows his teeth, nor indeed wants courage to bite, but, unhappily for his efforts, his teeth are, from some cause or other, so

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[c] It is sufficient to say that this is by the author of the preceeding.

[d] A very unequal composition, as must be the case in productions of various pens. Some of them, notwithstanding, are of the first rank, and bear evident marks of the genius of Elijah's Mantle. Can any thing be better than the "Uncle's advice to his Nephew, respecting the proper use of Government Paper?" Ad Amicum Sheridanum is excellent, and Romulus and Remus is a truly legitimate Epigram. The first and longest of the collection will repay the time its perusal will occupy, and the whole together, may be considered a good pennyworth. The second part of All the Talents' Garland, will it is said, likewise be prolific in good things, and by no means deficient of seasoning.

excessively blunt, that other than the power of mumbling has he none. To pierce the skin is altogether out of the question.

Genuine Wit will always excite a smile; just, deserved, and well-directed Satire, must ever meet with approbation; but gross, hireling, vulgar Abuse, although it may be clad in the jingle of Rhyme, must essay contempt or castigation, or both.

There can be little doubt that the work in question is a Bookseller's Job; which has been fulfilled to a tittle, in its close copy of the typography of its prototype "All the Talents."—There ends, alas, all similitude, if we except its outside dress. To imitation of the Wit, or Poetry, of "All the Talents," it has not even the most distant claim.

The author of the following pages professes not the fire of those poets who succeed better in

fiction than in truth. For one part alone of the subsequent Poem does he feel particularly anxious. He has, without other designation, been tempted to retort the low abuse with which "All the Blocks" abounds, in its native vulgarity, a liberty for which, while he feels an apology to be due to his readers, he most earnestly solicits that in the too numerous places where they occur, his readers will have the goodness to ascribe the whole merit to the high or humble quarter whence they originated.

DEDICATORY EPISTLE.

FLAGELLUM,

AS I wish to avoid being guilty of that most despicable vice, in your estimation, called Flattery, I conceive in dedicating this (my humble attempt to defend Honorable Men) to You, that I shall not merit the opprobrious stigma of a Flatterer.

Indeed I must in justice allow, that in your dedication you do not attempt to *flatter* All the Talents, as you only mention two things, which you think highly meritorious and justly to en-

title them to the appellation of ALL THE TALENTS. I need hardly point out these two solitary marks of merit which you mention; PEACE, and THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE. I should be sorry to rob them of this merit, but permit me to enquire wherein are they entitled to the presumptuous title of ALL THE TALENTS in their weak and imbecile attempt to make a Peace? Was it in the *means* they took to accomplish this most desired event? Or does the *person* they made choice of as an Ambassador to execute their plans, entitle them to all the praise you so lavishly bestow? Could they find no other person than Lord L--d-r-d-l-, who had only, and could have only the honor of the Nation in his mind to attend to, and with an Argus eye to watch the tricks of the artful and designing Talleyrand? Pray, Flagellum, has not his Lordship property in France to a large amount?—What! a Peer of Old England prefer French to British Security? Shame where is thy

Blush! For Lord L--d-rd-l-'s sake, I will not take a retrospect of his former conduct previous to his amalgamation with All the Talents; but I can not omit mentioning the sugar-sop of 2 or 3000*l.* a year for his Lordship's disappointment in not going to shake the Pagoda Tree in India. Yet All the Talents take no care of themselves, *forsooth*—no, *not they*—*modest gentlemen*, they are too *liberal*, too *patriotic*—they *scorn* to take any thing, *themselves*, from the public purse, or give it to others. What Ten Commissioners at upwards of 1000*l.* per annum each? Is that nothing? But do tell us, Flagellum, for what purpose? To tell us what we already know, that there has been great Peculation! Will it restore one shilling back to the public purse? No! not a doit. However, the friends of All the Talents must be provided for, though it should be sending good money after bad. An enormous salary to Mr. T-ck-r for falsely accusing Sir H. Popham of peculation: This is

out-Heroding Herod! Read the Scriptures, Flagellum! "Take the beam out of thine own eye." You may be able to see clearer; but rogue like, you think you have the advantage by crying rogue first. So much for the peace All the Talents intended to make, and their Patriotic Disinterestedness; as you only mention *two things* in their favor, so will I observe, not to bring more proofs against them; had they accomplished a Peace, every humane man would have blessed them, and they would have deserved the applause of the world.

And so, Flagellum, to their labors we are indebted for the Abolition of the Slave Trade.—Experience makes fools wise—But we have that yet to learn, and experience only can shew us whether as a political scheme it is wise, or as a Christian one it is humane. As to its being subversive of the laws of Nature and of Heaven; in the Scriptures

we see no mark of Divine displeasure at the traffic of Slaves, therefore we are assuming great arrogance to ourselves, in saying all generations before us, *have acted contrary to the laws of Nature and of Heaven.*

Let us look to what France has done in their nonsensical jargon of Universal Liberty and Freedom. *They have made the Blacks free, and themselves Slaves.* Look at the history of St. Domingo! and I pray Heaven we may not see the same bloody deeds transacted at Jamaica, and our other West India islands: if we should, All the Talents will, I hope, volunteer their services to quench the fires they have lighted. *How affecting, how sublime, how truly pathetic the picture of the Black in chains, kneeling, and saying, Am I not a Brother?* That a Black with great truth and propriety might address You, Flagellum, in those terms, I will not presume to dispute; but how comes

it, that one of All the Talents, and whose humanity has been so strongly pointed out (or rather so strangely) by an Officer of the Channel Fleet, in The Times, a Newspaper, should have voted against the Abolition of the Slave Trade? Pity it is, somebody had not assisted the memory of Mr. Sheridan, (when he and his Son were extolling the virtues of Lord St. V——t, not forgetting his own, in voting for the Abolition) that his Lordship *opposed* it and left the House in anger. This they both forget; what happy memories to forget or remember as they please! But they did not forget to compare Sir F. Burdett to the truly humane Howard; yet history tells us, and we all know, the views of the one and the other were as opposite as North to South; one wanted to inflame the minds of those who had offended against the laws of their country, the other to reclaim and bring them to a proper sense of their errors, and thereby enable them to become useful members

of Society. When Mr. Sheridan made the comparison, he should have told the Mobility that Cold Bath Fields Prison was on the plan of the good, virtuous, and feeling Howard; and which Sir F. B. in his inflammatory Speeches called—the Bastile. But I forgot that Mr. Sh-r-d-n is one of your favourites, and one of All the Talents. No wonder he merits *your* praise for having wished to make some *little alterations* in the laws between *Debtor* and *Creditor*; but, Flagellum, here he had a little fellow feeling. He told his friends on the Hustings at Covent-Garden, he would sell the Freemen of Ilchester to his Son, *a most marvellous worthy honest Gentleman*, as he attempted at Stafford, and this because they placed him beyond the sensitive touch of a Bailiff. Oh Gratitude! whither art thou fled?—far from the bosom of this Jewel, this brightest Gem of All the Talents. Here I must revert to what had escaped my notice in your Dedication, where you say, "and

from the general tenor of your proceeding was to be discerned the most scrupulous attention to the existing burthen imposed on the community at large." Gracious God! how can or could you have the effrontery to assert such a palpable falsity. Look at the Commissioners—Mr. T-ck-r, and I believe the Hon. Mrs. C. F-x and many more, who no doubt have served the Public as well as *this* Lady, and Lord E--k-n-; and give them Pensions from the hard earnings (of Sir F. Burdett's friends) the Mobility!—One said this Country was not worth living in, another that it was not worth defending. Indeed it is well known if Lord E--k-n-, (when Mr. E--k-n- and the Defender of Rebels) could have got the whole of his property safe to America, he never would have had the honor of sitting on the Woolsack. For my part I wish from my soul all those who neither think Old England worth living in nor defending, would ship themselves off with all convenient

speed. And now, Flagellum, I take my leave, maintaining, as you do, that my Dedication is unpolluted by Flattery, and, with more propriety, saying, that it is founded on facts not to be controverted, and that you will ever find

a Flagellator in

BEN BLOCK.

FLAGELLUM

FLAGELLATED.

WHERE is the empty fool who cannot scrawl
The name of rascal on a dirty wall?
And secret wound another's honest fame,
Nor dare avow the base assassin's name.
So, Flagellum, in lines devoid of sense,
And matchless, only, in their impotence;
Instead of gall, in filth hast dipp'd thy pen,
To throw thy venom on our ablest men.

So too the Ass set free from parish pound,
Drives through the mud, and throws it all around;
The rod you call for would be best applied
To check thy flippant tongue, and scourge thy hide.
Read Solomon, and mark his golden rules!
Bridles for asses, rods for backs of fools.
Who e'er thy lines should read must plainly see
That aptly both may be applied to thee.
Oh for an arm so strong, that ne'er could tire
To lash thee well, all honest men's desire.

Some paltry Grub-street writer must thou be,
Of ev'ry honourable feeling free,
Else why attack the noble Portland's age?
Had he no vice to stain thy filthy page?
No tradesmen ruin'd, and no debt unpaid?
No wife seduc'd, or no dear friend betray'd?
What then, you 're sorely vex'd because he 's old!
And like a Billingsgate you rave and scold.

Go blush, if blush thou canst, and hide thy head,
And leave off lying, tho' you lose your bread[a].
Be scurrilous no more, thou Block of Blocks,
If you 'd escape a flogging, or the stocks.

In all that I have read, or ever heard,
Age, in all countries, is by all rever'd;
But thou more savage than the worst of men,
Call'st age a crime, to please thy hireling pen.
Be comforted, Flagellum, we may hope
Thy years will shorten'd be by Ketch's rope;
So that hereafter, and in future times,
No one thy age shall add unto thy crimes.

Let ev'ry Neptune's son, Britannia's pride,
Melville defend; who by his Peers was tried
And guiltless found—and shalt thou Flagellum
Dare say, he 's guilty? and so plainly tell 'em,

[a] *Though you lose your bread.*] No very welcome nor in-sagacious inuendo.—Verbum Sapienti.

That every Peer, who knew his lordship just,
Had lost his honor and betray'd his trust?

Say, where or in what part doth Satire hit,
When friend you call him of the immortal Pitt?
Oh! 'tis an honor worthy of a king;
And here thy satire loses all it's sting—
Yes it was Talents clear and often tried,
Made him the friend of Pitt, Britannia's pride;
Here honest truth, not meant, Malagma speaks;
Then, onward to his dirty work he sneaks,
With booing, fidling, and such Grub-street slang,
Worthy of Weeping Billy, and his gang,
Or where black legs obtain a pretty picking,
By Belcher being beaten by the Chicken;
There it might pass for wit, but here we know
'Tis, dirty, mean, and pitifully low.

No Seaman's widow is so lost to shame,
Not to revere and bless Dundas's name;

Whose heart and head first pointed out the way
For gallant seamen to remit their pay,
To those from whom, in good old England's cause,
They 're torn to guard the best of kings and laws.
Yes, in their hearts will live great Melville's name,
Whilst thine will sink to everlasting shame.
Why has this man then drawn forth all thy spite?
Was it to shew the world, that thou could'st write
Vile verse, and in worse language plainly tell,
All those you hate, should be dispatch'd to H-ll?
What too, has M-lgr-ve done to move thy spleen?
As good as Gr-nv-ll- he right well I ween—
Or blust'ring H-w-ck, who was taught to swear,
By Lord St. V-nc-nt, Judas of a Tar.
Did swearing H-w-ck or proud Gr-nv-ll- know,
The stem from stern, or quarter from the bow?
St. V——— too, great Pitt's deceitful hope,
Had near sold Britain in the sale of rope[b].

[b] However unintentional this might have been on the part of the Administration, such is the real truth. Many interesting

But look at Hawke, at Howe, at Keppel too,
Not braver seamen any country knew:
Yet they, with all a seaman's skill and art,
Fail'd as first lords, for want of head, not heart.
St. V——— great, with T-ck-r by his side,
To make false charges, could not stem the tide.
If at these men I meant to have a lash,
I'd state the case of Hawkins of Saltash[c].

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facts on Naval subjects may be gathered from the Reports of the Commissioners of Naval Enquiry, and "Naval Anecdotes, or A New Key."

[c] Upon second thoughts, I will too! Extraordinary as what I am about to relate must appear, yet it is true. Capt. Hawkins, an old Seaman, a Native and Inhabitant of Saltash, had very great influence in that Borough from family connections, but more from goodness of heart and disposition. In the reign of terror, at the A—— B——, that is during the St. V—— reign, Capt. H—— was applied to by the B—— for his interest in favour of a person to represent the Borough; it was complied with, and that person, by Capt. H——'s interest *alone*, was chosen the member. Soon afterwards, this *humane* B—— through Mr. T-ck-r, a gentleman notorious as a mere matter-of-fact man, wrote to Capt. H—— for his Interest in favor of *another* Gentleman to be chosen *Mayor*, this Capt. H—— from certain reasons, could *not* comply with: Gentle Reader, mark

Sandwich, the best first lord e'er Britain knew,
By whose great art our gallant Navy grew.
No seaman he in gloomy Orlop bred;
But sound in judgment and well furnish'd head;

---

the Sequel! Capt. H—— soon received a Public Letter from the A—— B——, to prepare himself for a Court Martial for Tyranny and Oppression, on a charge brought by a drunken master, 13 *months after* this supposed crime took place. A private letter from Mr. T-ck-r, informing him at the same time, that Counsel would be sent down to him through *the kindness* of E— S. V——, to consult with him on *his defence;* well, this Counsel did come—a Mr. C——r, and what, Gentle Reader, did this Counsel?—Why he proposed to Capt. H——, that if he would be the means of Mr. —— being chosen Mayor, he had authority to say, the Court Martial would be dropped, or if the Master did persist in his Charge, and he should be found guilty —the Ministry would afterwards support him, that is, would restore him his Rank. Capt. H—— with a firmness which innocence always commands, spurned the base offer, and said, he was ready for a Court Martial whenever it might be ordered; but this was not all—the A—— B—— had *three* distinct Courts of Enquiry, before they could get *one* to say, there was grounds for a Court Martial. Would not any one suppose, that as Capt. H—— resided at Saltash, so near Plymouth, out of respect to him as an old officer, and to save him expence, the B—— of A—— would have ordered the Court Martial to have been held at Plymouth—but no, that was too great a favour. An old

Provided well our yards with hemp and tar,
And kept our Fleets prepar'd for Peace or War.
No ships afloat laid rotting, or on stocks
For want of Timber, Cables, Sails or Blocks.

Officer had dared to refuse a request, and of course he was forced to go from Saltash to Portsmouth, to be tried for a *supposed* crime, committed 13 *months* previous to the order for the Court Martial. Capt. H—— was *tried*, and *acquitted*, and left to find his way back to Saltash as well as he could. Must it not be clear to every man of common sense, that this Court Martial never would have been thought of as long as Capt. H—— complied with the *imperative* wishes of ————————but no longer? for there cannot be a doubt this Court Martial was kept in petto, ready to be brought forward the moment Capt. H—— dared to think and act for himself. The event has proved it. The trial I rejoice to find is published. Now let the "Officer in the Channel Fleet" who figured away in The Times to support Lord St. V——, and produced his Lordship's orders to the Physician of the Fleet, concerning the sick, as proofs of his humanity, read this! The Noble Lord's Humanity will, I think, appear of a new class, genus, and species, of which we hope there are no seeds or offsets. What a *merciful, humane, feeling* Peer and Admiral to call that *humanity* which was his *duty* as an Officer, and would have been done, had he not so ordered it, by every Captain and Officer in his Fleet, namely, *take care of the sick;* but this Peer was one of ALL THE TALENTS. His Lordship pulled the wires at the Adm—y, and puppet Gr-y, and lubber M-rkh-m,

Why then mayn't M-lgr-v- with clear heart and
Be here approv'd, altho' no seaman bred. [head,
Did Spencer not, who ne'er salt water saw,
Send out our fleets, which kept the world in awe?
Oh! loud lament, that Spencer's noble mind,
To friends of traitors prov'd, was ever join'd.

Read, Flagellum, or you may learn from me,
Seamen are only fit to rule at sea.
But say in what did M-lgr-v- e'er offend?
Is it because a certain lord 's thy [d] friend,

---

like automatons, moved only accordingly. What think you of this, Flagellum?—Sir H. Popham is another specimen of noble *humanity*—Who *directed* Gr-y to persecute Sir H. Popham, or rather to order him home to be persecuted?—to Sir E. P-ll-w, his Lordship was *kind indeed.* The stile of what you think Poetry and Satire, I shall venture to make use of, as it is very apropos to what passed between the Peer and the Knight, *i. e.* "If you kiss my —— I'll scratch your elbow."—What think you Flagellum? your elegant language has improved me.

[d] Can this allude to Lord El-nb-r--gh? If he did in a debate on a late occasion, get a Rowland for his Oliver, he does not stand singly in such a predicament.

Whom M-lgr-v- taught the difference to know,
Betwixt the bar above, and that below.

When M-lgr-v- proves he has not sense to guide
Britannia's Navy o'er the swelling tide—
Where on the foe her thunders should be hurl'd,
And make her flag respected o'er the world;
When e'er he gives his voice, to sell our stores
To fit out Gallia's fleets for distant shores,
Whene'er, from private pique or party spirit,
He persecutes a man of well-known merit[e];

[e] The inuendoes throughout the whole of this sentence, are, I should hope, too strong to be applied with justice to any one. However, it does appear to me that Capt. Brisac's punishment was extended almost to the utmost stretch of the law; and for a crime which in my private opinion, from the evidence published in his trial, amounted to neither more nor less than a culpable, but at the same time customary remissness in signing vouchers; for there is not the shadow of intimation, that I can see, of his having partaken in the paltry sum of the profit. A blot is no blot till it is hit; and this occurred unhappily first in Brisac's person, and during the economical naval administration of Earl St. V-nc-nt. Poor Brisac! Your lesson has been a severe one.

Suborns false witnesses to blast the fame,
O' th' vet'ran seaman's honor, and his name;
Robs him of all that 's dear—and takes the pay
His country gave for many a well-fought day;
Then will I wish, with thee, a rope to deck,
M-lgr-v-'s as well as Judas V——'s neck;
But until then, a rope 's not mis-applied,
Either around thy neck, or on thy hide.

Why use the terms 'capsize,' and 'uncle Davy'?
Pray have you been at sea and in the navy?
Or are they borrow'd from sweetWapping's shore?
Or taught thee by some seaman's left off w——?

"Who shall direct such men as Nelson now?"
You ask.—Not Gr-y or Gr-nv-ll- Sir I trow.
Does not the Dard'nelles * to the world declare
Their weakness, folly, and their want of care,

* This subject, indeed like every other which that author touches, is very ably treated in the Postscript, to the second enlarged edition of "Plain Facts, or a Review of the conduct of the late Ministers."

To make our flag respected by the Turk?
This, this Flagellum, was their precious work.
If e'en but this had mark'd their want of sense,
Could All the Talents make the least defence?
Come, own at once, altho' you hang your head,
That better men are now put in their stead.

A Pegasus!—thou ne'er wast on his back,
But mounted on some scurvy restive hack,
Lame, broken-winded, which could never rise
Like Pegasus, to soar beyond the skies.
Perhaps it was some Brewer's worn down horse,
Which when the Devil drives, must go per force,
And you, Flagellum, have, like other ninnies,
Great Pegasus now call'd your long-ear'd Jennies.

Does frothy Wh-tbr--d pay thy venal pen,
To blast the characters of able men?
That fellow, who most clearly prov'd his brains
Were nothing more than froth and small beer grains

Which work'd and fretted on a certain day,
That left this Brewer not a word to say.
R-m-lly came, [f] and timely sav'd his skull
From bursting—being somewhat over full;
I' faith 't was justice for to save that pate,
Resolv'd the Poor should work as well as eat[g].
But in pursuit of his most pleasing task,
Did he e'er tap one single small beer cask?
Now here I 'll let this honest Brewer rest,
And say, as of his beer, 'tis Wh-tbr--d's best.

Do'st thou, Flagellum, think, with whip in hand,
Thy noddle 's able to attack that band,
Which now our good and gracious King hath chose,
To hurl destruction on Britannia's foes,

[f] On one of the days of Lord Melville's trial, a certain manager, with his co-adjutors at his back, was so completely bewildered, that apprehensions were pretty generally en ertained, that they could go no further, even words being wanting; when in came R——, who took the subject up, and for this time saved their tottering fame.

[g] Mr. W—— brought in a bill to make a new system of Poor Laws.

And re-unite with Russia's noble chief,
Whom All the Talents left without relief,
But sent a Marquis with a solid pate,
Heavy, not sterling as his massy plate[h];
Who by his folly, pride, and ignorance,
Had almost made the Russians friends to France.
But Alexander, with a kingly soul,
Scorn'd to submit to Buonaparte's controul.
Yet thanks to God, this noble 's coming back;
Wou'd he were here, safe mounted on thy hack.
What ups and downs this upright Lord would feel,
Tho' helmet guard his head, and spur his heel;
But say, Flagellum, has he lost his tail?[i]
Britain's fair daughters, how they 'll weep and wail,

[h] Marquis of D--gl-s prided himself much on the splendor of the service of plate which accompanied him on his embassy to Petersburg.

[i] At page 9, of the Anecdotes of Peter the Great, prefixed to Voltaire's celebrated History of Charles XII. translated by Stockdale, we find that great apprehensions were entertained when the Docking System was first resorted to at Moscow, although it went no further than the coat tails; but all this time, notwithstanding the system was carried within an ace of a noble neck, it caused only merriment; Risum teneatis amici.

When noble Douglas passes in their view,
To see him homeward come without a *queue.*
No doubt some wanton dames, low and ill-bred,
May say, he 'd better come without his head.
I think so too—but say—and 'tis no sin,
A head 's worth nought, unless 't has brains within,
And when this Lord shall come from off his station
Give him, Flagellum, hearty flagellation,
The just reward from his much injur'd Nation[k].

Dost thou not know, fell Satire's pointed pen
Attacks the follies, not the age of men—
But thou, like a vile drab must scold, forsooth,
Because from age great P-rtl-nd wants a tooth.
On Canning next your harmless venom throw,
Because that thou, his father, dost not know;

[k] A most interesting and evidently authentic account of the late transactions at Petersburg, may be seen in a pamphlet just published, intitled "Plain Facts, or a Review of the conduct of the late Ministers." It combines good writing with perspicuity and authentic information. I think it demi-official, but this is mere private opinion, for I know no secrets.

When he himself that secret cannot tell:
And where is he, who knows that secret well?
'Tis said and read by all with open eyes,
That child who knows his father 's counted wise.
But 'tis not this has rais'd thy sorry spleen,
For thou must write, and thou must eat I ween;
From garret to the cellar too must dive,
Where blackguards of all sorts together hive,
To eat boil'd tripe and soup yclep'd divine,
Then mount and write that thou again may'st dine,
Thy lines perhaps by chance may reach his ear;
But is there ought in them for him to fear?
Perhaps may read them too—what next my friend?
Why next he 'll use them for his nether end.
Fit use for verses thou presum'st to call
Satire severe, and trac'd with pen of gall—
Gall in thy heart there is, beyond a doubt,
But in thy words, pray who has found it out?
If they are satire, Horace, I must say,
Thy time, thy labor has been thrown away.

No—satire they are not—but language foul,
True emblems of thy low born mind and soul.

But C-nn-ng's crime, he cannot jabber French,
And worse--what worse? he sits o' th' treas'ry bench.
Aye there 's the rub, and the worst crime of all;
And this has rous'd thy pointless shaft of gall.
Attend Flagellum, thou poor empty fool,
Follow th' advice you give, and go to school.
How kind in thee t' allow, that C-nn-ng's head
Has sense within it; after all you 've said.
Indeed 'twas kind, nay more, you know 'tis true,
But faith, I cannot say the same of you,
For well thy writings with thy Talents suit,
Thou surely art Saint Giles's Prostitute[1].

Now first to right, and then to left you go,
Then back again—on vet'ran P-rtl-nd throw

[1] Here, and in numerous other places, as the preface premises, I have followed Flagellum's words very closely. They are so suitable to the ideas, that they ought not to be separated.

Thy scum, when vainly you attempt to draw,
Friend P-rc-v-l, that honor to the law,
Of whose sound wisdom, rebels stand in awe.
But here thy language is so bad, I fear
My humble Pegasus cannot come near,
Where b-m, and breech, and brain-pan, lowest stile,
Oft raise contempt, but never once a smile.
Thy law terms too, just us'd to fill thy book,
Are of no use, nor worth a second look.

Had P-rc-v l but own'd a crooked back,
For thy unfeeling nonsense to attack!
Has he no blemish nor in leg nor eye?
If one, it had not pass'd unheeded by—
Had he but stammer'd in his speech, good lack,
How 't would have glutted thy impotent clack.
If he 's a fault in either head or heart,
Attack him freely, with satiric art,
Expose his vices unto public view,
And give to every villain, all his due.

But here! I dare thee once to take the field,
And boldly throw my gauntlet and my shield;
A shield so broad and form'd by Honor's hand,
To guard from harm a firm and able band,
Call'd by their country's pleasing, awful, voice;
Nay more, the very best of Sov'reigns' choice.
Oh! spirit of our great immortal Pitt[m].
Inspire them with thy wisdom, firmness, wit,
When at his voice Faction with fear and dread,
Speechless was struck, and from his presence fled.
So may they all stand firm in Britain's cause,
Support our King, our liberties, and laws.

And Oh! If Erin's sons by party [n] led,
Should dare to raise Rebellion's direful head,

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[m] How well this endeared statesman's memory is treated in that incomparable pamphlet, "A Vindication of the Court of Russia." It is a production of such unusual merit, that no political library which has it not, can be considered complete.

[n] Party is now seen every where, pervades every thing. But who would have thought that party would have made the proud

Let sober reason, first try all her skill,
To turn their hearts, and guide their wayward will.
But if to Reason's voice they will not bend,
And blindly rush with arms on us their friend,
Boldly repel them, for we scorn to fear,
And tho' we punish, yet we know to spare.

But stop! This theme a better muse requires,
Altho' the cause my feeling bosom fires.
Yet I, unequal to the task divine,
To others that too arduous task resign,
And with my feeble pen and untaught muse,
Defend great Eld-n from thy vile abuse.

Gr-nv-ll- condescend to write a letter through the medium of a Newspaper to humble Dr. Gaskin, Secretary to a Society. Yet such a letter, with two most eloquent answers, are upon record, and are published under the galling title of "More Talents still." I do not know whether this is a merit belonging to the respective authors or not, but only at my publisher's do I meet such genuine sarcasm as is contained in the titles of several recent tracts, to the same purport.

And so Flagellum, in thy eyes he 's wrong,
Because he has not E--k-n-'s flippant tongue,
And thinks it right to weigh in Justice' scale,
Ere he decide which party should prevail.
And does the raven croak, when Eldon's tongue
Lays down the law in language, nervous, strong?
The sound of judge's voice, faith friend, I fear
Is ne'er melodious, in a culprit's ear;
Therefore to thee—Nay, Sir, I do not joke,
It may appear like ravens horrid croak.

By quick decision, should warm L-w decide,
And give whatever's right to the right side,
I hold it just. But then Sir, let 's suppose,
The judge should take the wrong pig by the nose.
Transfer with blinded haste th' estate of one
That was another's, clear as noon day's sun;
And tho' the loser early know his doom,
Will he the sooner mental peace resume?

Indeed, indeed, such arguments may do
With those who known not, one and one make two.

Now with dæmoniac joy, I plainly see—
Thy glad report loud sounds, "they disagree,"
Yet e'er with Envy's smiles your face you deck,
HearTruth, which soon that envious grin will check.
Report is false, they 're all by honor join'd;
One soul, one heart, cemented by one mind;
No! Sh-r-d-n is there, with cork'd up wit,
Who, like a harlequin, gives all a hit.
No matter who, to him 'tis all alike,
Whom with his painted paste-board sword he strike,
Like Falstaff now, with prince he cracks a joke,
Now borrows money—now puts on his cloak;°

° A certain great Personage has lately given Mr. S—— a seat in Parliament, and the red dwelling on the West side, adjoining Carlton House, in Pall Mall. The worthy Senator is said to object to so *close* an intimacy, and therefore to decline the residence. As I am upon the subject of Carlton House, I shall ad-

With that I 'll leave him, for it has a charm,
To keep him free, from sturdy bailiff's arm.

So because H-wk-sb-ry supports his King,
At him Flagellum, you must have a fling?
'Twas Hawkesbury's sense, and deeper penetration,
That baffl'd all the arts, of the Great Nation.
Not gull'd like L--d-rd-l- with French grimace,
But kept old England's honor in its place.
Safe and secure from Frenchmen and disgrace,
And then the Cinque Ports hurts your feeling mind,
Had Chatham got them—still some fault you'd find.

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vert to a Note in page 38, of All the Talents; fourth Dialogue. The author clearly evinces, that he has read the Report of the Commissioners who investigated certain charges against the Princess of Wales. I have read it also, and was particularly struck with the cold answer of His Royal Highness to his consort's letter, and upon the whole, the impression left on my mind was, that Her Royal Highness had been living almost entirely in a herd of menial spies.

And here of Wapping does your language smell;
"Plutus, old Nick, (and then) your native H-ll.
Take my advice—be not so free with Nick,
Lest he should play you some confounded trick;
And ere that you Sir, can be well aware,
Should whip your worship off, you best know where.

You talk of John Bull's sores, thou dost not feel 'em!
Art thou the quack empiric who can'st heal 'em?
Not with your plaisters from St. Martin's Lane[p];
For those would gall his sores, increase his pain.
Go, go Flagellum, and be sure prescribe,
Such plaisters only to thy Grub-street tribe;
Their souls and bodies both alike are callous,
And only fit to decorate a gallows;
Let them I say then, quickly be dispatch'd,
Ere yet by thee another brood is hatch'd.

[p] The place where his book was printed.

So then, you look for days of peace, to see
When there 's a change of this new ministry.
Pray how befell it when your friends were in,
When once this famous peace they did begin,
That All the Talents could not even patch up
This peace, they all so greedily did catch up.
But this you wisely from your crew do keep
Lulling them without mercy, 'till they sleep.

How fortunate! That C-stl-r--gh, you know,
Once us'd those words—two strings unto his bow;
Else, I do think, 'tis easy to divine,
Flagellum had not wrote another line.
But strings arous'd, alarm'd his mind with fears,
Quick he applies his hands beneath his ears;
Rejoic'd to find, he 's still alive and well,
Then at his pen he takes another spell.
The Union now attacks with all his fury;
And here Flagellum acts both judge and jury.

Oh! what a Daniel! who can thus decide?
Without once hearing of the other side.
Now C-stl-r--gh gets duck'd in proper time,
To help Flagellum to a further rhime,
Drags from their sedgy banks and dark abode,
Each lovely water nymph, and river god.
But here again we see him at his tricks,
And quits the river god, for Catholics,
To light his wand'ring soul across the Styx;
But C-stl-r--gh and others, all now find,
Thy language and thy verse spring from one mind.

Now to the Rose with haste you quickly fly—
A fitter place for you—is sure a stye
Where you may wallow like another swine,
And in a trough of pease luxurious dine.
You must have thought it wit, as I suppose,
To call this able man, *a state moss rose.*
Sweet is the wit [q] which from that flower flows.

[q] Mr. Rose in the House of Commons, adverting to the names of two gentlemen engaged in the Army cloathing, observed that

And here the river too, becomes thy friend,
And kindly to thy aid a rhyme doth send,
Tho' it was dear—it gave thee much delight,
And with a one-pound-note it bless'd thy sight.
But Oh, unto your grief I fear you found
'Twas hollow paper with an empty sound,
Not sterling like the Catalani's notes,
To charm from pawn thy greasy thread-bare coats.

Nor W-stm-rl-nd, nor e'en a female Childe[r],
Canst thou address in language soft and mild.
This Lord, because he thinks before he speaks,
Must he too bear thy insolence and freaks?
But you 're a grub too low for him to reach,
Else might his foot salute with force thy breech.

---

he did not know whether he should prefer to ride on the *Box* or in the *Dicky*. The former has however uniformly done such ample justice in all his contracts, that it is to be hoped no change of ministry will ever remove the contract from his hands as long as he adheres so honorably to its fulfilment.

[r] The maiden name of the late Countess.

In time be wise, others may not think so,
Then Lord preserve thy bones from ev'ry foe[s]!
What tho' of Teignmouth thou hast spoken well,
With crab stick well applied it has no spell,
To charm it from thy precious ribs and side,
For it will hug thee like a loving bride;
But e'en from this some comfort thou may'st draw,
For being basted well—why take the law.
Your betters Sir, a knight [t] of naval pride,
Only from challenge sav'd his tender hide
By law, which sometimes puts in wooden stocks,
All those who dare to use hard words, or knocks;

---

[s] Toe would have served the rhyme quite as well, nor would it have been less apposite. It is rare for a Poet's brain to be so fertile in his terminations, he may therefore I hope, be permitted to boast on so sublime an occasion.

[t] I almost think that I recollect a Naval Officer some time early in 1807, coming to the Court of King's Bench on such a topic. Not that I would wish to be understood an advocate for the horrid and fatal custom of duelling. But Sir C. H—— first tortured a letter into a challenge, and afterwards appealed to the jurisdiction of the Court for protection against it.

But then this gallant hero wanted brains,
And only got his labor for his pains.
The jury, tho' per chance may know you 're poor
And G-rr-w's gab may get thee something more.
But in the case Sir, of this gallant knight,
The jury did not give one single doit.
That case was clear and plain the jury saw,
And snatch'd the victim from the gripe of law.
A special jury, form'd by men of sense,
Is Britain's boast, and their secure defence.

Say, why Flagellum in thy verse divine,
Bathurst, Montrose, and Chatham in one line?
How wretched is thy rhime, how lame the verse,
Merely to shew, that thou can'st damn and curse.

Those who know Chatham, know 'tis diffidence
Prevents his speaking, not a want of sense,
No prating shallow coxcomb, with a skull
Fill'd with conceit, but in true wisdom, dull.

He is allow'd by all, in council wise;
And all attend to what he may advise.
Oh could my pen but utter all I feel,
And to the world my gratitude reveal!
But where 's the verse, and where the strain divine,
Which well could paint such gratitude as mine?
Not even Pope in his harmonious lays,
Could as I wish the noble Chatham [u] praise.
Oh! take my thanks, 'tis all my heart can give,
And ne'er will it forget thee whilst I live.
Why ask you num-skull, who the Earl C-md-n?
Fellow I tell thee, high in worth as Hampden.
In faith and troth, you 'll surely make me puke,
To hear you talk of B-df-rd's noble duke;

---

[u] This nobleman's abilities are known, by all those who are honored with his intimacy, to bespeak him an undegenerate scion of the house of Pitt. Unhappy is it for his lordship and his country, that habitual indolence should throw him into the rear, when every combining circumstance authorizes him to lead the band.

A man most able—in the choice of beasts,
And to preside as head—of shewing feasts.
So Richmond's duke to H-ll you 'd instant send,
Because he loves his bottle, and a friend.
Beware, and quick your saucy prating stop,
Lest he make thee do more than *run* or *hop*,
And treat thee with a bitter sugar sop[x].
Must Pl-m-r too provoke thy venal pen,
Melville's best advocate—and pray what then?
Must he for that be subject to abuse,
From thy low, paltry pen, and venal muse?
Learn to respect his talents, tell no fibs,
Either of him, or good Sir Vic'ry Gibbs.
Who better is there, for to fill his place?
Who with more feeling pleads, or better grace?
Who can lay down the law with nicer art,
Or touch the feelings of a jury's heart?

[x] Notwithstanding my prefatory cautions, I must acknowledge my debt to Flagellum for this tripliad.

E'en though the judge—but stop! I must beware
Lest my warm muse should lead me in a snare.
Judges in Albion's land are sacred things,
The laws' supports and guardians to our kings;
So God protect them—give them sense to see,
Whene'er a man commits gross Perjury.

Now bold Flagellum, on with speed you dash,
And at fam'd W-ll-sl-y [y] try to make a lash,
But have a care, you 'll surely get a fall,
E'en tho' assisted by poor wounded P--ll [z].
Your verse too weak his foibles to expose,
So like a Billingsgate you scold in prose,

[y] Sir George Dallas's Vindication of this Nobleman, unites at once elegance and information: The "View of the Negociation," page 36, states part of his case in a most incontrovertible and perspicuous manner; and the dedicatory address of Stockdale's translation of Voltaire's Charles XII. contains as highly wrought and as just a compliment to this Nobleman as ever was paid.

[z] This Gentleman has been singularly unfortunate in his attachments, to which he is obliged for wounds mental and corporeal, in purse, and in pride. Alas! In what dangers may not politics involve their votaries.

Is it his fault he is not six feet high,
Or that his countenance don't please thine eye?
Thy verses shew not decency nor sense,
But shameless truth, and filthy impudence—
Well may thy muse be fagg'd, and droop, and nod.
Oh! could I reach thee with a birchen rod,
I'd make thee smart, thou wretched Block of Blocks,
E'en ALL THE TALENTS' selves thy bad verse shocks,
Cease viper, cease, you bite upon a file,
Go mend thy manners, language, and thy style.

FINIS.

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GR——LLE AGONISTES,

A DRAMATIC POEM.

Τραγωδια μιμησις πραξεως σπεδαιας, &c.

ARISTOT. Poet. c. 6.

Tragedia est imitatio actionis seriæ, &c.

What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And, at another, to let in the foe?

MILTON.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. HATCHARD, BOOKSELLER TO HER MAJESTY,
No. 190, PICCADILLY,
By W. Pople, 22, Old Boswell-Court, Strand.

1807.

Still, unimpair'd, in antique splendor stands,
And frowns defiance to usurping hands :
Hurl'd from its heights, scarce dare I now ap-
proach
Its Terrace, or its Park, though in a coach.
What evil genius prompted me to quit
My early friendships, and my best friend, Pitt?
Of him bereft, my kinsman, pilot, guide,
I shift and shuffle now, from side to side,
And, like a ship at sea, her rudder lost,
By tides am drifted, and by tempests tost.
To me, a pious King, in his grey hairs,
Consign'd, without reserve, his state affairs ;
But kept the church, and with the pow'r alone
To guard his oath, and call his soul his own.
I, not content with this large bunch of keys,
Snatch'd at the one withheld—his conscience's ;
Strain'd every ward, and, in my pride elate,
Strove, but in vain, to force both Church and
State.
I fell : not only ousted from my place,
But tarnish'd with indelible disgrace ;

Scorn'd by my party, laugh'd at more by those
Whom once I acted with, but now oppose.—
What is't, in argument to reap renown,
T'upset weak reas'ners, or to knock them down?
In that, what differ I from other men,
More than * Mendoza, Belcher, or Big Ben?
Wisdom is shewn, (I know the truth too late,)
By measures wise, not plausible debate.
Why have I learnt state documents to draw
In words well weigh'd, correct, without a flaw?
Why was I gifted thus with eloquence,
Nice in my nouns, exact in mood and tense,
Unskill'd in men, and wanting common sense?
More versed in them, and easier of access,
My grief, as well as shame, had now been less.
† To love, to liking, ev'n to preference, lost,
My bosom lock'd up like the ground in frost,

---

* Falsus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret
Quem, nisi *Mendozam* et mendacem? Hor.

† Gr——lle Inamorato would be a fine subject for a poem!

Silent, and cold, I, at the table sit,
Of learning jealous, not amus'd by wit;
In none a real confidence repose,
But see, in present friends, my future foes.
Official now, now opposition cares,
Scarce leave me time to eat or say my pray'rs;
(Thus with th' ambitious wight it ever fares!)
And Lady Gr——lle, when we are alone,
Stares, and mistakes her statesman for a stone.
To some lov'd secretary, often tried,
I might have told my sorrows, but my pride,
And freezing manners, that too have denied
To me, unsocial being, bent on pelf,
And pow'r, and only thinking of myself;
But now turn'd out, would I could say resign'd,
And with that slender diff'rence sooth my mind!
This empire grows unwieldy, and 'tis plain,
No single back can long its weight sustain.
If, without treason, one might *think* such things,
Methinks, we ought at least to have two Kings;

Two first lords, and two chanc'lors, with a *Vice*
For each department, hardly would suffice.
Like Œdipus, I see two suns ascend
On double Thebes—Yet doubt if I could mend—
My lords—The K—g, Lord Ho——ck at the
door—
In ninety three—as the bill stood before.

CHORUS OF GR——LLES AND WY—NES.

See where the mighty leader lies,
Ambition's sacrifice;
Delirious, as it seemeth, by his words,
Utter'd as if still in the house of lords.
Let us move slowly onward, lest he scold,
And treat us as too bold
In our intrusion on his reveries.
He looks; alas! but sees
His friends as if they were his trees.
How chang'd! how fall'n! he who spoke four
hours,
Now silent, seems depriv'd of all his pow'rs:

With leaden eye, and look profound,
As taking counsel from the ground,
In method strait, and logic strong,
How mov'd his majesty of words along!
Clear in his statement, quick in his reply,
Confounding all the sophistry
Of El—n, and of Hawkes—y,
Mel—le, and Mul—ve, and a score
Of flimsy speakers more;
Puzzling their addled pates,
With documents and dates,
All furnish'd by his matchless memory!
What little grain
Their heads contain,
When thump'd out by his flail-like argument,
And winnowed, vanishes in clouds of chaff,
Making his own side laugh,
And chuckle to their heart's content.
Like Samson, he, with his *jaw-bone*,
Whole hosts of opposition has o'erthrown,
And, with obtunding proof,
Kept them aloof;

Or trick'd out in the specious garb of reason,
That which in others he had stampt as treason
Against the Church and State:
Thou too, like him, oh mighty in debate!
Heedlees of what thou wert about,
Hast had thine eyes put out;
By female importunity o'ercome,
Art fallen flat on thine enormous bum,
(A premier best befitting, from it's space,
For kissing by competitors for place,)
And with one fatal bill,
(Irreparable ill!)
Like him, hast pull'd a house upon thine head,
And us, poor vermin, crush'd that it had bred.
Few men
Have passions less than nine or ten:
Like Aaron's snake, in Gr——lle's breast,
Ambition eats up all the rest;
Jealous alone of doing good,
Gr——lle would save his country if he cou'd,
But see it damn'd, before another shou'd.

But, hark! I hear
The sound of footsteps near:
'Tis Ho—ck: Let's retire,
Nor tempt our master's ire,
Which may be rous'd, if we appear,
When Ho—ck asks his single ear.

HO——CK.

Why grieves my Gr——lle? Why, with length-
en'd face,
Mourns he a short suspension from his place?
A month, three weeks, a fortnight, this recess,
And power again my anxious friends shall bless;
Then, to return triumphant, and more strong:
Can doating Port—d's rush-like reign be long?
What can resist our well-compacted pow'rs?
Who stand against majorities like ours?
Should any rise, (their speakers are but few,)
Some Matthew Mug, or Matthew M—gue;

With coughing, hear-hims, horse-laughs, over-
come,
Th' advent'rous coxcomb must be deaf or dumb.
Our parts, *our* property, *our* eloquence,
What can o'errule, or balance?

GR——LLE.

Common sense.

Yes, 'tis that club-like weapon knocks me down,
And gives more terror to the royal frown.
Stunn'd and appall'd, your theoretic schemes,
By me adopted, I recall like dreams;
Amaz'd, I measure back the fatal way
In which vile jacobins have made me stray,
* Wide from the useful paths which once I trod,
Content to second virtuous Pitt, and plod.
By you seduc'd, and mad ambition bit,
(Prudence the victim of misjudging wit,)

---

* Tel brille au second rang, qui s' éclipse au premier.

With shame, I own, I've balanced ill the scales,
Betwixt a gen'rous K—g and Pr—ce of W—s;
Renounc'd consistency, and, in ill hour,
Giv'n up establish'd fame for future pow'r.
And now, (too just reward of such designs!)
The K—g recovers, and the Pr—ce declines,
Nay, the old monarch now is grown so stout,
For twenty years (who knows?) I may be out.

HO—CK.

Out! heav'ns, what language! since you thus begin,
Say, my good lord, whose numbers brought you in?
From Pitt disjoin'd, (reflect upon your case,)
Who, but ourselves, restor'd you to your place,
Inspir'd these hopes which now you would destroy,
Of firm support, and permanent employ?

Who broach'd broad-bottom doctrines, but
yourself,
Cramm'd as you were, yet greedy for more
pelf?
Who, but ourselves, had ever gratified,
At once, such boundless avarice and pride,
Borne all your sulky fits with so much patience,
And truckled to your insolent relations?
What deference have not had the Gr——lles
from us,
From Lord and Lady Buck—m to Thomas?

GR——LLE.

All this, I own, I merit, and much more:
But your whole party sought me, as a wh—re
Blasted, discredited, decried, and common,
Seeks for the count'nance of a modest woman.
I rais'd ye up, and, to my cost and hurt,
Soil'd, nay, begrim'd with democratic dirt,
Wash'd all your faces, par'd your nasty nails,

(Heav'n knows what pains I took with Lau-
d——le's!)
Made ye hold up your heads, turn out your toes,
And, though all cropt, appear in full-dress clo'es;
Then led ye, marshall'd, with my sole support,
Long banish'd, once more, to behold the court.
'Twas said, I grant, your talents might be tried,
But all the confidence was on my side;
For who, but I, could thus have cramm'd ye
down,
The gulping throats of country, court, and town?
Against my better judgment, your wild plans
I follow'd, and they prov'd—*Catamarans;*
Then held the match myself, and dropt the spark
That blew us all up in one fated bark.
Yet, ere this hap'd, F—x met the foe's advance,
And treating, once more was the dupe of France;
Help'd her with means to execute and push on
Her deep designs upon the Russ and Prussian.
Shifting his ground, and shewing what deceit
'tis
T' expect from thieves a *Uti Possidetis*,

He quite o'erlook'd this basis just and grand,
"*We hold the Sea, if you possess the Land.*"
Say, was it wise, nay commonly discreet,
Amongst us to let Wynd—m have a seat?
He, who has set together by the ears,
Army, militia, mass, and volunteers:
Bad as it was, who made the matter worse,
By *in*, or *ill* disposing all our force;
Who, like the conj'rer Cadmus, (Earth their mother,)
Saw all his new recruits destroy each other;
Such olios cook'd of ables, and unables,
Of willing conscripts, watch'd by constables,
That Bedlam, hearing of her Wynd—m tell,
Astonish'd, stares upon his vacant cell.
What need I say of t'other madman loose,
Grasping the S—ls, yet grieving for his goose*.
And who such honours to her mem'ry paid,
As if she too her golden eggs had laid?

---

* Who has not heard of the funeral honors paid by the late Ch—or to his goose, in his garden?

With such a Ch—lor, and such a man,
A democratic Scotch * American,
More to perplex the bus'ness of the nation,
Then came the Delicate Investigation;
Our thoughts diverted, and best time bestow'd
Upon a tragi-comic episode,
How could we chuse but make more intricate
Our management of W—ds—r and the state?

HO—CK.

I'll hear you out with patience, though I burst:—
In that Inquiry stood not your name first?

GR——LLE.

The drunk and mad I hold not quite the same,
For these we pity, but the others blame:

---

* The greater part, if not the whole of lord Er——e's immense gains at the bar, has been transferred to the American Funds. *Ubi pecunia, ibi Patria.* His son, married to an Am—can lady, is our minister to the States!!!

Then, for what purpose, tell me, if you can,
Made you a treasurer of Sh——n?
Was it because the country might expect
Him less than Mel—lle guilty of neglect?
His ruling passion is the mob's applause,
He serves no party, and assists no cause:
One foot in g—l, and t'other in a place,
Our clog he proves, as well as our disgrace:
From bed he rises with the setting sun,
To make us business, but to do us—none;
Stafford he quits, then calls on us to stir,
And seat the fellow where?—for West—ster!
Drawn in, we must support him in his brawl,
And chuse, (hard choice to make!) or him, or
P—ll.
Some farce prepar'd, with studied strokes of wit,
For Drury Lane, but not St. Stephen's fit,
Once (if not more than half-drunk) in three
weeks,
He speaks; but for the printing gall'ry speaks.
Then, should his friends be sinking and distrest,
He sinks them deeper with an ill-tim'd jest:

At Carl—n House, (a fav'rite of the day,)
Next to Wa—sh P———r he has most to say.
And this is all we get, or you have got
From your besotted wit, or witty sot.
M—rry's recall and Erskine's yielding mission,
Trembling I think on, and our trade's condition;
Of Hu———son, sent out the lord knows where,
To write us long dispatches of despair,
And trust repos'd in Do—las and A—ir.
The Slave-trade first abolished, then the Test,
From abolition who could save the rest?
A rage so fierce to change, and innovate,
Would soon have left us neither Church nor State.
To guard them both, the K—g and Pr—ce of W—s
Are join'd; and thus our oligarchy fails.
Fox and myself, embark'd in a balloon,
Sat out upon a voyage to the Moon,
(More rash in our adventure, and fool-hardy,
Than Blanchard, or the lunatic Lunardi;)
His gas flew up, he mounted with the sphere,
And I, his ballast, in the boat—lie here.

HO—CK.

Thus, then, my lord, you make your mean pretence
T' escape from punishment, by penitence.
Trust me, not so: for, in our losing game,
You shar'd the folly, and shall share the blame.
'Tis not in later times we only trace
Your dark manœuvres in, or out of place:
Old are the dates of some of your misdeeds;
Not H—d—cke now, more practis'd on than L—ds;
Strait-forward L—ds, whose steady * *Status quo*,
P—tt, through your means, was tempted to forego:
Your friend disgrac'd, you kick'd your colleague out,
And brought, by base concessions, peace about;

---

* Look back to the negociations with Russia, at the end of her last war with the Turks, and the dispute about Oczakow and the Dniester.

That source unsought, from whence an Iliad
flows,
Of blood and taxes, hunger and hard blows,
Meanwhile, the useless treaties that you made
Were amply with * rich snuff-boxes repaid;
Till the First Consul, failing in respect,
Sent his proposals to the K—g direct:
Your pride took fire; and you refus'd to treat:
What follow'd? At Marengo, a defeat.
Now say, my lord, what sin, or sorts of sin,
Go to compose a perfect Jacobin;
And what ingredients you require beside
Falsehood to friends, and avarice, and pride—
Are they not found in paper-loving T—le,
Whose fault, perhaps, had banish'd Major
S——le?

---

* These snuff-boxes are often worth three or four thousand pounds a-piece, particularly when they come from the court of Petersburgh. That the *plenipotentiary pickings* of the noble lord have been considerable, may easily be supposed from the length of time he continued at the head of the Foreign Office, and the number of public instruments to which he had the honor and advantage to set his hand.

Fox might misjudge his measures and his ends;
But Fox was always faithful to his friends,
From imputation of the love of pelf,
No one was ever clearer than himself:
That he was frank and open, none deny;
And haughty, surely not; not even shy.
Be cautious then, sweet lord, nor rashly call
Our much lov'd master, Jacobinical.

GR——LLE.

Together long, perhaps, we had remain'd,
Tho' of each other both had much complain'd;
But fate cut short your hero's ill-spun thread,
And robb'd you of your least vile part, your head.
When I my sense of Jacobins express,
I speak of their great vices, not their less.
F—x's wrong bias and too ardent pate,
Had push'd him on to overturn the state:
See Talleyrand, Napoleon's coadjutor,
Mild and complacent as a lady's suitor;

But lust of sway convulses all his frame,
When Europe's spoils and ruin are his game.
Your chief was one that could no measures keep,
And born a gambler, always play'd too deep,
Threw at all stakes, and would the table sweep:
All odds defying, in his desp'rate game,
A ten-to-one republic was his aim;
In that he fail'd; and, surely he did worse
Than serve his country prudently, and purse.
When I consented first myself to head ye,
I hop'd my solid parts would keep ye steady;
And, if my phlegm were temper'd with your fire,
We both might rise in reputation higher:
But since my sober counsels you despise,
To soar with H—ll—d, more sublimely wise,
Forgive me, if I tell you from my heart,
That I am glad, nay, very glad, we part.

HO—CK.

To this avowal, make one small addition,
And own your scheme another coalition,

Hatch'd long ago, and now maturely planning
At our expense, with Hawkes—y and C—n—g.
What we suspected, is, at last, made clear,
Your meaning in dissolving us last year;
Deficient numbers shew'd your scheme too bold;
So, till you fell with us, you kept fast hold.
Now then for vengeance, never to relax,
For, trust me, we shall soon be on your backs,
To worry ye, like Bennigsen's Cossacks,
Beat up your quarters, cut off your supplies,
And, if we can, make ev'ry county rise.
Go, greedy, grasping, graceless Gr——lle, go,
Sink with your race, the lowest of the low;
Like horse-t—d Auck—d, when apostates trim,
Exclaim, delighted, "*how we pippins swim!*"
Better for you, to range your barren fields,
* And, in new Homers, hang ΑΔΕΛΦΟΙ shields;

---

* Vide the edition of Homer by lord Gr——lle and his two brothers, with their shields conceitedly strung one under the other, by way of frontispiece. *Par, et plus, nobile fratrum!*

To plod, with pompous pedantry, in Greek,
Than e'er in public, act again, or speak.—
Curs'd be the day when I expos'd my shins
To clumsy Gr—lle's, and as awkward W—ne's;
Sure 'twas a judgment on me for my sins!

THE END.

W. Pople, Printer,
22, Old Boswell Court, Strand.

THE

UTI POSSIDETIS,

AND

STATUS QUO:

A

POLITICAL SATIRE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN JOSEPH STOCKDALE, 41, PALL MALL.

1807.

[*Price One Shilling and Sixpence.*]

Printed by B. M'Millan,
Bow Street, Covent Garden.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN regard to the following excellent Satire, the Publisher has only to acknowledge, that it was first published in the Anti-Jacobin Review and Magazine for March, and was dated 5th February. As several gentlemen have ascribed the celebrated Poem of "All the Talents," to the author of "Elijah's Mantle," the Publisher takes this opportunity of stating, that such conjecture is entirely without foundation.

41, Pall Mall,
4th April, 1807.

THE

UTI POSSIDETIS,

AND

STATUS QUO.

1

YE Ministers of Britain's State,
Form'd of *all talent*, good and great,
  Like GROTIUS vers'd in treaties;
What, though *abroad* ye marr'd the scene,
Tell us what 'tis *at home* you mean
  By th' uti possidetis?

2

Is it that you possess the store
Of merit that you had before
You took the public duty?
If that be all the praise you want,
The Opposition Bench will grant
You possidetis uti.

3

But, if we judge by what is past,
Say how your merit's to be class'd,
Where worth's, where wisdom's, seat is
Made up of strange discordant parts?
None, but "the Searcher of all hearts,"
Can tell quid possidetis.

4

Was patriot Virtue erst your guide,
Or did ye list on Faction's side,
And plead her cause?—siletis!
Maidstone's and Newgate's Rolls have nam'd
The Patriot Whigs for whom ye claim'd
The uti possidetis.

5

United now in Friendship's bands,
What Principle connects your hands?
Your Union's basis show:
Is it the Treasury's Rosy Bed?
Or is it—that ye view with dread
Your wretched status quo?

6

If on Finance you build your fame,
To Pitt's account transfer your claim,
To him—its state debetis:
Last year—a woeful tale ye feign'd,
Of "wasted funds, resources drain'd,"
A bankrupt possidetis.

7

Courted by Fox in language sweet,
Could Benevent refuse to treat?
Politeness would compel him:
'Tis strange; that Peace should look so queerly
On men who fraterniz'd so dearly
At Paris, ante Bellum.

8

Tho' favour'd YARMOUTH might be coax'd,
Fox was too cunning to be hoax'd—
MAITLAND a Scot discreet is;
From such Negotiators, say,
How could your Basis slip away,
Your uti possidetis?

9

When PITT's good genius bless'd the land,
No fond regard for TALLEYRAND
Mix'd with his country's duty;
He—for his Sovereign and the Nation
Reserv'd his high Consideration,
Nor would have left—*to Implication*
Our possidetis uti.

10

Allied to PITT, in early day,
GRENVILLE! the People mark'd your way,
And deem'd you—his ACHATES;
With him your patriot ardour fled,
But left *one* Maxim in its stead—
The ut possideatis.

11

To you (their Treasury Baal), now,
Whigs, neutraliz'd with Tories, bow,
And croud to touch your shoe-tie:
O'CONNOR's Friends shall praise your name,
And future PAINES and HARDYS claim
Their possidetis uti.

12

The *Brissotine* your hand shall kiss!
Spirit of CHATHAM! know'st thou this?
Ye Pittites! quid ridetis?
GRENVILLES and TEMPLES long ago
To *British Worthies* gave at Stow
The uti possidetis.

13

GRENVILLE! though in your state array
You number WINDHAM, PETTY, GREY,
Will none of them play booty?
These Whigs are difficult to tame,
They must oppose, and scout your claim
To th' possidetis uti.

14

Though pure your heart, and clean your hands,
And high your rate of merit stands,
Nil valet quod meretis,
Some Brew'r, in rude but licens'd speech,
Sans proof—that merit shall impeach,
And quash your possidetis.

15

Grey, tutor'd long in Fox's school,
By mild St. Vincent taught to rule,
A loftier port will show;
Haply your Cabinet divide,
Nor deign to leave your Tory side
Their half o' th' status quo.

16

Yet HOWICK ! if thou'rt still the same
As ere this *alias* grac'd thy name,
What are thy merits ? tell 'em !
Sea-Statesman thou *a-ground* would'st be!
Land-Statesman thou art now *at Sea!*
Hoc statu geris Bellum.

17

Nurtur'd in MALAGRIDA's lap,
Imbibing Politics with pap,
PETTY !—thy worth we know :
As SOLON sage in earliest youth,
A TULLY, e'er you shed a tooth ;
This was your status quo.

18

What are your state acquirements now?
The nimble step,—or graceful bow,
To dancing nymphs a treat is:
Ye Tellers of the Exchequer's score!
Count on *one Petty-tally* more,
Dum PETTY possidetis.

19

WINDHAM! thy talents who can class?
Shall I detail 'em, or, en masse,
With thy new levies rate 'em?
Though France *kill off* our vet'ran force,
Thy Bills provide a second course
To feed our Belli-statum.

20

Thy weather-gauge is mov'd by squalls;
With *Ins* and *Outs* ascends and falls:
Now at the dog-star's heat 'tis;
Thy schemes, in quick rotation twirl'd,
Would change the poles, nor leave the world
Their uti possidetis.

21

With CRAUFURD for thy bully-back,
What Windmills will ye next attack?
What *pastry* overthrow?
PITT's quota men, and volunteers,
Stript of their jackets, hang their ears,
And take their status quo.

22

CADMUS sow'd serpents' teeth of old,
Arm'd men sprung up, and were so bold,
No constable could quell 'em!
Try this! Red-coats like prawns or shrimps,
Arm'd at all points, shall show thy crimps
The status ante Bellum.

23

Now should NAPOLEON's angry host
In Boulogne's Flota brave our coast,
No matter where our Fleet is:
A fig for gun-boats and corvettes,
Martello towers and martinets,
In posse possidetis.

24

Pure as the fount from which it rose,
Britain! thy stream of justice flows,
Ye vallies!—nunc cantetis.
Should party feuds pollute its source,
Or Faction interrupt its course,
Nil tanti possidetis.

25

Ye Bacons, Coke, and Hardwicke, say!
(Juris periti of your day,
Astute in points and cases),
Was it on frothy declamation,
Or deep and close investigation,
You form'd your legal basis?

26

When Keeper HATTON held the Seals,
Though he was tripping with his heels
And light fantastic toe;
BESS knew, before she gave the Mace,
That Loyalty, not less than grace,
Compos'd his status quo.

27

Had Maidstone's Patriot sought his aid,
He would as soon have vouch'd for CADE;
ERSKINE and Co.—tacetis:
'Tis strange (to judge him by the sequel)
You e'er should think his worth could equal
Your uti possidetis.

28

When PITT the British Senate grac'd,
ERSKINE! thy judgment was unbrac'd,
Thy tongue forgot its duty!
Now SOLOMON must yield to thee,
And SEYMOUR's friend will guarantee
Your possidetis uti.

29

Since Amiens' farce amus'd the land,
Doctor, hast thou improv'd thy hand
At making war or treaties?
With brother HILEY at thy back,
Which is the Statesman, which the Quack,
Quid ambo possidetis?

30

With these, and Ministers like these,
England! canst thou be "ill at ease?"
Vain are thy fears—dispel 'em!
With all the Talent of the Nation
Focuss'd in Cab'net concentration,
Securè geris bellum.

31

And you,—ye Pilots of the Realm!
Trim well your sails, and mind the helm!
Your charge—a proud first rate is;
But should you wreck the nation's hope,
O! may her anchor lend a rope,
Quod vos possideatis.

THE END.

Printed by B. M'Millan,
Bow-Street, Covent-Garden.

A

PASTORAL EPILOGUE

TO

ALL THE TALENTS.

A

PASTORAL EPILOGUE

TO, AND BY

THE AUTHOR

OF

ALL THE TALENTS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN JOSEPH STOCKDALE,

NO. 41, PALL-MALL.

1807.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

DIVERS of the Talents having been heard to call the frontispiece to my book a chance-medley of such absurdity as *waking man* could never knit together, I am happy to make public this solitary instance of their penetration, by confessing that it is actually the representation of a *dream*, with which I myself was lately afflicted.

I had just finished my Fourth Dialogue, and was sitting in my garret, solacing myself with small beer and a penny-worth of radishes, when Morpheus suddenly pitched upon my eyelids, and presented me with the following vision.

Methought I heard an odd sort of chattering noise just behind me, and on starting round, perceived a monster with a monkey's countenance, equipped in a courtier's coat and a pair of ragged breeches; a silk stocking on one leg, a jack-boot on the other, and its head ornamented with a judge's wig and the pope's mitre. In its right hand it held a *crosier*, with which it was dragging down upon its own head a pair of ponderous folios, on which were printed *Coronation Oath* and *Magna Charta*. In its left hand it held an inverted pen, with which it was attempting to write *Finance* in a book of country-dances. Its right leg was pulling the trigger of a gun, which ap-

peared to explode and wound it in the shoulder. Crackers were tied to its tail, and papers of negotiation were burning beneath its feet. It held a pipe in its mouth, and with the smoke which issued from it, was vainly endeavouring to obscure a portrait of PITT, which hung against the opposite wainscoat. At first this extraordinary monster terrified me extremely, but I soon found that it might easily be caught and confined, as its eyes were obscured by a pair of blind spectacles, which rendered it, tho' mischievous in its nature, perfectly impotent in its attempts.

Suddenly, winds whistled, shrieks were heard, thunder and the three-pronged lightning, together with the customary troop of terrors, entered my garret in a truly disrespectful manner, and some demon or demons unknown, pronounced in a loud voice, this scurrilo-latino-heroico verse of Virgil's,

Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum!

It is almost superfluous to add, that, in conformity with common usage, *I stretched out my arm and awoke.*

ALL THE TALENTS,

A

PASTORAL EPILOGUE.

Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi.
Atque idem jungat Vulpes——

Virg. Ecl.

'Twas on the day that debtors much commend,
When knaves who borrow laugh at knaves who lend,
When the poor Rhimer, fearless of a writ,
Descends from heights more Attic than his wit,
Forth to the fields two pensive Poets fare,
To suck up similies and purer air;
And, hand in hand, to meet the matin prime,
Magnanimously mad in mighty rhime.

Self-happy MÆVIUS, trickt in all his shew,
You might call decent, as the poets go;
Nay, if you met him, shelt'ring from a show'r,
Mistrustless of a bard, might ask the hour.
But the good BAVIUS nothing cou'd improve;
High food, fair linen, Pharmacy or Love.
Once in the week his rusty razors win,
The jetty stubble cherish'd on his chin;
Long raven locks lie matted on his brows,
And thin with thinking, all his body bows.
* The mountain's cheek now blushing with the morn,
Thus MÆVIUS murmurs, eating ears of corn.

MÆVIUS.

Now when all Nature laughs in liv'ry new,
Stript of their robes, the shiv'ring TALENTS view;

* The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side.
POPE'S PAST.

† Heav'n loves odd numbers, ancient poets say;
THE TALENTS rul'd a year, a month, a day.
Sing we the men, who, dext'rous to derange,
Upset themselves—‡ the Muses love a change.
O let the bard who follow'd lofty Pow'r,
Lament the setting of her transient hour.
Yon yellow flow'r that travels with the Sun,
Contracts in sorrow when his race is run.

BAVIUS.

Sing then—but first an aiding arm apply.
Fall'n in the plash how sad an object I!
Yon berries black with vegetable blood,
Allur'd my foot—I slipp'd amidst the mud.
Yet here I'll sit. The tumble suits the tale,
Weak tho' my song, my posture may prevail.

† Numero Deus impare gaudet.
VIRG. ECL.

* Amant alterna Camænæ.
VIRG. ECL.

MÆVIUS.

See, fresh and dry, by sudden winds embrac'd,
Sheer from its seat yon heap of hay displac'd,
While the high whirlwind, op'ning it in air,
Whisks the distracted forage Heav'n knows where!
Compact and placid thus THE TALENTS lay,
Thus a rude moment whirl'd 'em all away!

BAVIUS.

Lo! yon bright bow, like WINDHAM disappears,
And at its exit steeps the world in tears.

MÆVIUS.

The tears, methinks, seem pleasing to the ball,
The meteor useful, only in its fall.

BAVIUS.

See yon fair shrub the sipping bee supply,
With nect'rous nutriment of golden die.
Such honied blessings from my GRENVILLE came—

MÆVIUS.

The shrub is poison, nightshade is its name.
In its dire blossom health and mischief meet;
Ah, fear a flow'r so venemously sweet!

BAVIUS.

Weep we poor SHERIDAN, for place unfit—

MÆVIUS.

Wit rules his reason, folly rules his wit.

All follow Chance and mount her blasts unaw'd;
So yon hoar thistle sends its seeds abroad.
Within a globular attire of wings,
Centric they travel, wheeling airy rings;
Then light on barren rocks, as Fortune rules,
Adhere to briars or dance on gusty pools.

BAVIUS.

Red as his house, his visage or his wine,
Yon BED OF ROSES soon shall droop and pine.
* The rose shall wither but the thorn remain;
So a short triumph leaves a lasting pain.

MÆVIUS.

How like yon furrow, cut by shining shares,
Is the deep frown unhappy HOWICK wears.

---

* Pro molli violâ, pro purpureo narcisso,
Carduus et spinis surgit paliurus acutis.
VIRG. ECL.

Hope cut the furrow, but the frown, Despair;
Both a blest omen to the Country bear.

BAVIUS.

Late from yon bog a heavy vapour came,
That look'd like WHITBREAD rising to declaim:
Late too, a vapour round yon mountain spread,
That now dispersing, leaves a naked head.
How like the lot of mountains and of whigs;
Hills lose their caps, and judges lose their wigs!

MÆVIUS.

Hibernian TIERNEY, still and smooth before,
Hurl'd from his height, must now renew his roar;
So flows yon stream (which Poets streamlet call)
Hush'd in its progress, boist'rous in its fall.

BAVIUS.

Behold yon heifer to the rill repair,
And cool her palate in the glassy fare.
Against the stream she turns her nose, and why?
'Tis the short method and the Calf is dry.
This SIDMOUTH practis'd, 'till, in hour accurst,
Too deeply drinking, down he dropp'd and burst.

MÆVIUS.

* Rome's other hope what sneers and taunts annoy:
Hark! sick Finance exclaims, † A Boy! a Boy!
Ev'n ALMA spurns her offspring once so dear;
‡ The boy is bad, the mother is severe.

---

* Spes altera Romæ.

VIRG. ÆN.

† Deus, Deus ille, Menalca!

VIRG. ECL.

‡ Improbus ille Puer, crudelis tu quoque Mater.

VIRG. ECL.

BAVIUS.

Yet shall the youth to tow'ring heights attain;
Like yon young lark, just springing from the grain,
In argent ether, blue without a blot,
See, see, the bird is wafted——

MÆVIUS.

See, tis shot!

BAVIUS.

Hear in yon dome the bell to breakfast ring.
Till Mævius eat, ah! let him cease to sing.
Soft flows thy voice when hunger is away,
* But keen and bitter on a lenten day!

* ——— αναρις ὦ Διοκλειδας.
Χὠ ϛνὴρ ὄξος απαν· σεινᾶντί γε μηδε σοτένθης.
THEOCRIT. IDY

As yon harsh bell, because 'tis hollow, rung,
An empty stomach makes an angry tongue.

So sing the Bards while Sol ascends the sky,
* Match'd in the muse and ready to reply.
All day they range by meadow, fount or fold;
† Tomorrow to blank verse and garret old.

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* Et cantare pares et respondere parati.
VIRG. ECL.

† Tomorrow to fresh fields and pasture new.
MILT. LYC.

FINIS.

T. Gillet, Printer, Wild-Court.

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